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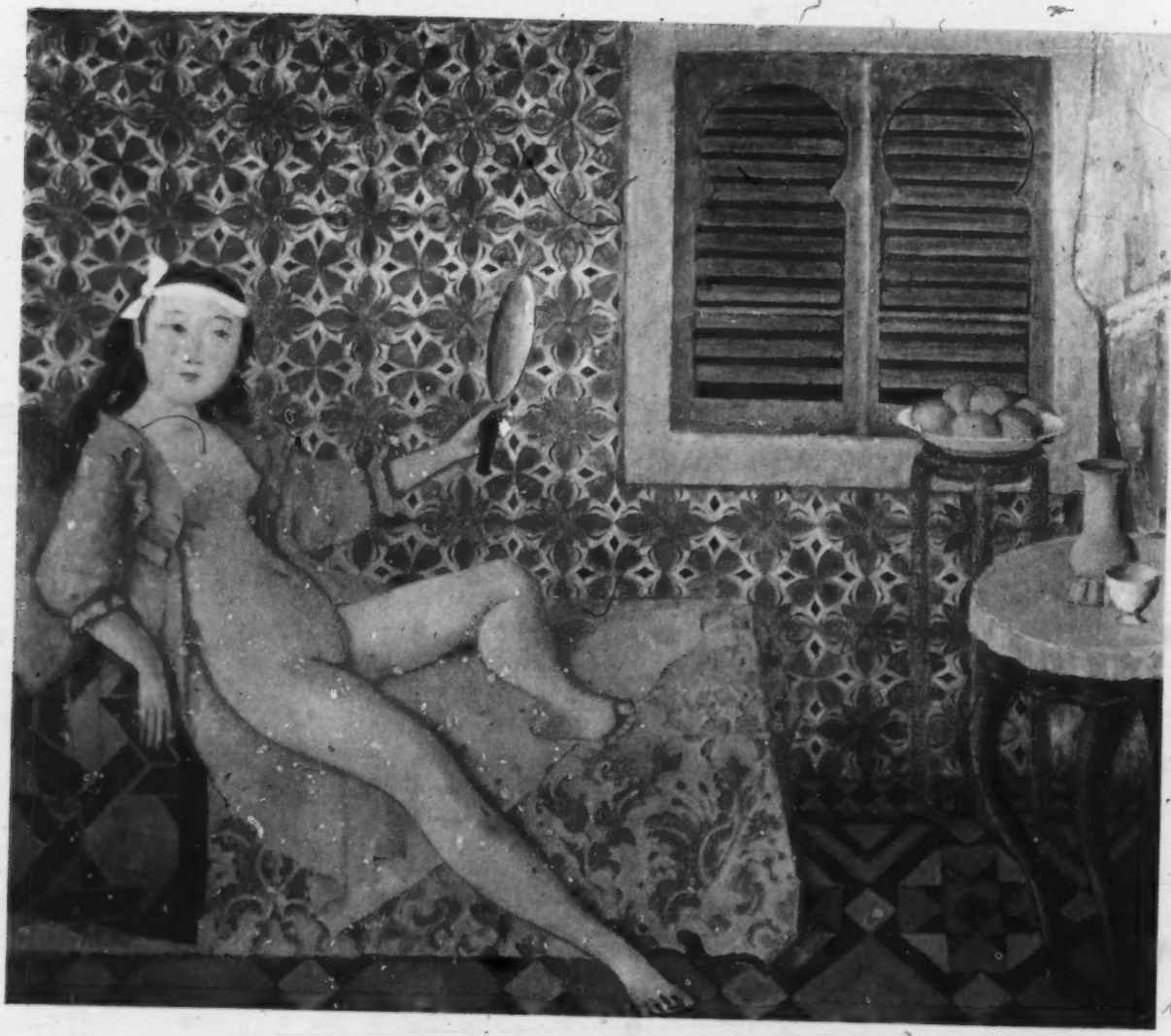

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Balthus

Balthus

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A retrospective exhibition
arranged by John Russell
for the Arts Council of Great Britain

At the Tate Gallery, London
4 October-10 November 1968

Balthus

Acknowledgments

The suggestion that the Arts Council should organise a retrospective exhibition of the work of Balthus was put forward by Mr John Russell. The idea was enthusiastically received and we were delighted when Mr Russell agreed to select and arrange the exhibition for us. He has approached virtually all the lenders on our behalf, enabling us to secure many important paintings and making the exhibition a worthy tribute to the artist. Mr Russell has also edited this catalogue and contributed the introduction.

The response to our requests for loans from both public and private collections has been most generous. They are too numerous to mention here individually but an index of lenders can be found in another part of the catalogue. Many have preferred to remain anonymous but we should like to take this opportunity of thanking them and in particular Mme Henriette Gomès and Mr Pierre Matisse without whose help it would not have been possible to mount such a comprehensive exhibition. We are most grateful to the Museum of Modern Art in New York both for important loans and for the helpfulness of the Museum's staff; in Los Angeles Mr Frank Perls and Mrs Joan Quiter Hazlitt gave us invaluable practical assistance.

We are once again indebted to the Trustees of the Tate Gallery and to the Gallery's Director, Mr Norman Reid, for providing space for the exhibition.

Gabriel White
Director of Art

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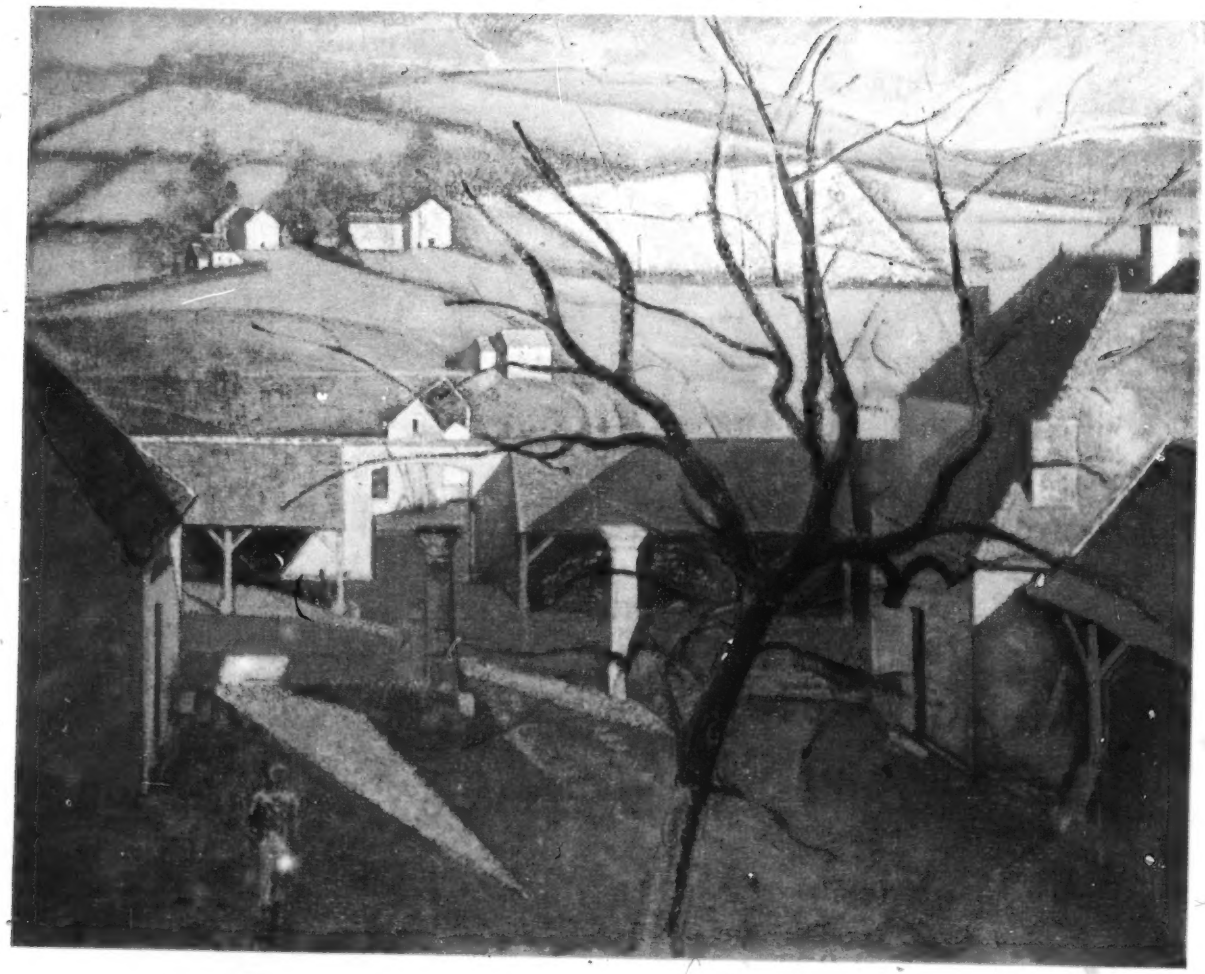


Introduction
by John Russell

What is private must remain so: that is Balthus' attitude, and it is at his insistence that this catalogue contains no biographical matter. "The best way to begin", he said when apprized of our customs, "is to say: 'Balthus is a painter of whom *nothing is known*. And now let us have a look at the paintings'."

If we follow his advice we shall very soon see, I think, that Balthus has been, all his life, someone for whom reading is one of the supreme activities. This does not mean that he is "a literary painter", in any pejorative sense, but that he is able to deal easily with the richest, subtlest and most complex intimations that literature has to offer. (It will be clear from the three texts which follow this essay that Balthus in his turn has been prized by more than one major writer.) Not merely the act of reading, as a child, but the *look* of the act of reading assumed for him the importance that the look of throwing a discus assumed for the sculptor Myron in around 350 B.C. Anyone who walks round this exhibition will notice the heightened intensity which comes over the image when someone is pictured as bent over a book. The book is to Balthus what the sphinx was to earlier painters: a source of direct revelation, on which a life-structure may turn entirely. The point is very well made in the Baron version of "The Three Sisters" (1964/65) (no. **58**); unluckily we were not able to borrow "The Children" (1937), which belongs to Picasso and makes the point more vividly still.

There are reading books, and there are picture books, and there are reading-books with pictures in them. Balthus' brother, Pierre Klossowski, once named "Struwelpeter" and the *images d'Epinal* of around 1830 as two of the experiences which gave Balthus an idea, in childhood, of what pictures could be, what kind of an effect they could make on the observer, and what sort of means were appropriate to that effect. No English person is likely to get far in this exhibition without thinking of another: Tenniel's illustrations for "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass". The question here is not one of "influence": Balthus was no more influenced by Tenniel than Tenniel was influenced by Dürer when he made his White Knight in the transmogrified likeness of the knight in Dürer's "Knight, Death, and the Devil". It is rather that Tenniel's Alice, curled up in her armchair with the black kitten and a ball of worsted, stood for a stage in life, and for certain attitudes within it, that Balthus was to turn to uniquely good advantage. In "Thérèse and her Cat" (1938) (no. **12**) Thérèse is Alice a year or two

John Tenniel, illustration to *Through the Looking-Glass* by Lewis Carroll. cf. Balthus catalogue nos. **7, 11, 12**

onward. In "Thérèse" (1938) (no. **12**) she is Alice well clear of babyhood; but as she sits half-curled in the chair she wonders which will prove the more rewarding as playmates: the children, or the grown-ups?

These are questions of subject-matter, or at any rate of pretext. They leave to one side the first fact about Balthus' painting, which is that it is concerned primarily and above all with what he calls *la récherche picturale, aboutie ou pas:* with researches, successful or not, into the problem of "What should a picture be?". His paintings are highly and heavily atmospheric: but the atmosphere comes by the way, and is incidental and subordinate to purely formal considerations. And the purity, the intensity and the extreme thoroughness with which those considerations are thought through turns out, in the end, to reinforce the atmosphere until we ourselves are as still, as intent, as palpably caught up, as are the people in the picture.

Balthus would absolutely discount this estimate. To this day he regards all his pictures as "utter failures". Knowing exactly what he wants to do, and drawing upon a lifetime of intelligent excogitation, he still finds that the language of painting, or of his own painting, has to be reinvented with each canvas. He is at the farthest possible remove from self-indulgent picture-making.

We could also infer from the paintings that at one time he made a particular study of Piero della Francesca. Thousands of painters have "studied in Italy": but I doubt if, since Degas copied the Titian frescoes in the Scuola del Santo in Padua, anyone has studied to better purpose than Balthus when he put up in Arezzo. The superscrupulous pictorial architecture of Piero is, in fact, a cardinal element in his work, and the one which, in the degree of its fulfilment, sets him apart from all other painters now living.

But it was not an element which could be assimilated fast; nor was Balthus the man to opt for an appearance of rapid progress. The earliest picture in this exhibition is the "Jardin du Luxembourg" (1927) (no. **1**). It is the first in a series of concerted Paris scenes which culminated in the "Passage du Commerce Saint-André" (1952-54), a great painting which, through no fault of ours, could not be included in the present show. The "Jardin du Luxembourg" is painted in the late nineteenth-century language which was closest to hand when Balthus set out to become a painter, but it is a picture filled with portents.

That solitary trumpeter on the right, for instance, is a uniformed variant of the musician who toots his way across the middle distance in Seurat's "Grande Jatte": with the mention of Seurat we come to another primordial influence upon Balthus. In its furnishings the picture relates to the paintings and decorations in which Bonnard and Vuillard promoted a new mythology of Parisian life: a mythology based on the park bench, the collapsible park-chair, the municipal garden and the frisky, undisciplined antics of Parisians just old enough to mime *les jeux interdits* while their nursemaids doze the afternoon away. There is nothing rigorous about "Le Jardin du Luxembourg", in architectural terms, but there is just enough in the use of the arcading on the right to suggest that Balthus would one day make memorable use of such material. And then the figures themselves: once again, nothing prematurely ambitious – but we note at once how the

couple in the foreground on the left combines echoes of Old Master grouping with first-hand social observation. It was in just this way that Bonnard, when he drew Parisian children, liked to catch them off their guard in positions which, though in themselves merely comical, were premonitory of what adult life would bring out in them.

By 1929 Balthus had produced a whole group of Parisian scenes in a style which would have been called "painterly" in times when "painterly" was a compliment. They were in the tradition perfected by Degas in his portrait of Le Vicomte Lepic and his family crossing the Place de la Concorde: formal emphases were off-centre, there was a minimum of identifiable topographical matter, and the human comedy was never tidied out of the way. One such picture, "The Quays" (1929) (no. **2**) introduces two personages who were to recur in later paintings. One is the ramrod-like figure, most often identified with Balthus himself, who has his back to us and is striding along the lower quay. The other, more enigmatic, is the big-nosed woman with the cap-like hair style in the foreground on the left. A typical Parisian *mégère*, some would say: but she re-appears in the drawings for "Wuthering Heights" as a North Country housekeeper, and she also re-appears in paintings like "La Toilette de Georgette" as the personification of The Others: of the older people, the censors and guardians and law-makers, whom adolescence owes it to itself to circumvent.

Piero della Francesca was, apart from everything else, a master of the integrated view of metropolitan life. He could characterise a city as exactly as any painter who ever lived. No one ever had a keener sense of fact, or could do more with the details of everyday: the graining of a plank, the edging of a gutter, the broad band of a dog-collar. He did not generalise. He was interested to make a noble space, and he knew how to make one: better, perhaps, than anyone in history. But he also knew that fact has its own nobility, and he knew how to conjoin the two. Seurat never went to Arezzo, but he learned something of all this from the copies which he saw at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris; and he, like Piero, never neglected the nobility of fact.

In 1929 Balthus produced a picture called "The Street" (no. **3**) which is a first comment on these matters. As on later occasions, he concentrated on the small-scale, hand-made, pre-Haussmann aspect of Paris which has hardly changed since Diderot's day. The carpenter carries his materials on his back, the chef has never seen a frozen vegetable, the housewife wears her apron to market, the paterfamilias keeps a firm hold on both his little boys. The street with its striped awnings, its old-style projecting lamps, and its half-obliterated shop-sign at first-floor level on the left – all this could be in a small country-town before the motor-car had been invented. Toy-town, one might even say: or one of the schematised street-scapes which occur in *images d'Epinal* and could be transferred straight on to the stage in terms of brightly-painted 'flats'.

But, at the same time, no such estimate of "The Street" will account for something mysterious which is, none the less, distinctly there: the Balthus-note. Two things combine to produce this. One is the fact that for all its appearance of informality the picture is organised as minutely as a Swiss watch. The other is that already at this

Piero della Francesca, Arezzo frescoes (detail) photo: Mansell Collection

Balthus, The street 1933

early stage in his career Balthus could give his figures that look of trance, or of a purposeful inner life which will shortly give way to action; somehow this communicates to the observer a most powerful sense of disquiet. "The Street" is full of verticals and horizontals, and often these form up into strict rectangular forms which stand for the order and stability of an established society. Nothing of this is accidental, and it serves to emphasize the wayward, self-absorbed gait of the human beings who ignore one another completely as they tread back and forth in what is neither street nor square but something in between.

I myself think, though I have no warrant for saying so, that behind both the 1929 and the 1933 "Street" there is something of Piero's "Identification of the Holy Cross" in S. Francesco in Arezzo: in the use of an architecture that provides an irregular, slotted terrain for action, in the counterpoint of circle and rectangle that gives a mathematical rearground to the human drama below, and in the tranced look of Judas as he comes to terms with the fact of the resurrected boy in the bier. Just such a look has come over the face of the man in the foreground of "The Street": and when we take in the figure of the carpenter, just left of centre, we could also remember that in that same chapel in S. Francesco there is Piero's "Prophecy of the Queen of Sheba", in which, once again, a white-clad figure, with right foot forward and slightly bent, shoulders a length of wood.

Behind "The Street" there hovers another ancestor: less distant, certainly, but hardly less august. Seurat's "Grande Jatte" has precisely the same hybrid element, half-emblem, half-caricature, in the portrayal of Parisian life. As between the real and the unreal, the fantastic and the

just-what-it-seems, Seurat never declared himself: some of his figures are completely characterized, others are mere schemas. Balthus had that in common with him at this stage; and, like Seurat in the "Grande Jatte", he combined a maximum of objective statement with a maximum of private obsession. Manifest content and latent content have rarely been so well kept separate as in the "Grande Jatte": "The Street" is beginner's work, by comparison, but Balthus was no ordinary beginner.

Not long after he completed "The Street" Balthus was called up for military service. In the course of this he spent a year in Morocco. Unlike Delacroix in 1832, and unlike Klee nearly a century later, he was never tempted to make a direct transcription of North African light; but the sojourn liberated him completely from the idea that impressionist and post-impressionist painting in any way represented a maximum saturation of light. He has never cared at all for the garish and unsubtle light of the South of France; and although many of his paintings have to do with situations of great heat, the heat is always refracted and kept at a distance, and the light likewise. The experience of Morocco was one of an entirely new milieu: light, climate, vegetation, human beings – all were at a far remove from the paragons of nuance with whom much of his life had been spent. Some years later a painting called "The Spahi and his Horse" (Joseph Hirshhorn Foundation) brought back something of the strangeness of this year away: but Balthus is not an anecdotal painter and in general the gains were implicit and not explicit. He got clear, above all, of what he once called "the impressionist atmosphere": the hesitant, fragmented, reverential attitude to the fall of light. It was as if, having experienced a gamut of light in Morocco which was far beyond anything that was available to a European painter, he no longer needed to bother with ambitions which in any case were contrary to his nature.

Balthus has always been drawn to people who, like himself, admit of no compromise. Human nature is such that people of this kind get rarer and rarer as they progress through life. For involvement without compromise, we often have to turn to people who are very young. This is true, equally, in literature. How often do we find in novels about grown-up life anything approaching the intensity of commitment which recurs throughout the first half of "Wuthering Heights"? Balthus first read "Wuthering Heights" when he was fourteen; but when he got out of the French army the book began to speak to him with almost hallucinatory force and in 1933 he made a series of pen-and-ink illustrations for it. More than twenty of these have survived, and fifteen of them are in this exhibition, together with the large oil-painting, "Cathy Dressing", which is related to the drawing sub-titled "Why have you that silk frock on, then?"

The trenchant penmanship of the "Wuthering Heights" drawings is like nothing else in Balthus' work. It is as if he was possessed, in a Dostoevskian sense, by what Charlotte Brontë called "the rough, strong utterance, the unbridled aversions and headlong partialities of the unlettered moorland hinds and rugged moorland squires who have grown up untaught and unchecked, except by mentors as harsh as themselves". Heathcliff in particular captivated him: not the mature and openly fiendish Heathcliff, the man whom

Charlotte Brontë characterised as "a man's shape animated by demon life – a Ghoul – an Afreet", but Heathcliff the lost boy, the foundling, the human animal toughened by continuous unkindness, the classic outsider. Heathcliff in the "Wuthering Heights" drawings is manifestly Balthus himself. The drawings do not cover the whole of the book, but merely that first third or half of it in which the impossible wooing of Catherine Earnshaw by Heathcliff is carried on in childhood and adolescence. In the drawings, and in the large related painting called "Cathy Dressing", the identification of artist and subject goes far beyond the identification of – let us say – Millais with the action of "Orley Farm". Not only do the drawings have the character of a private diary which we feel that it is hardly for us to open, but on one occasion after another they announce themes with which Balthus has been preoccupied ever since.

This is not so much a matter of direct transposition as of the quality, indoors and out, of Heathcliff's meetings with Cathy: and, also, of certain aspects of their environment. Looking at "The Golden Days" ("Les Beaux Jours") (no. **23**), we remember the "immense fire, compounded of coal, peat and wood", which blazes out in Chapter 2 of the book. Over and over again, before the paintings, we remember Cathy: "in play she liked, exceedingly, to act the little mistress; using her hands freely, and commanding her companions . . .". And, beyond the identification with "Wuthering Heights", and with the chastised landscape in which it is set, there is a larger sympathy with Emily Brontë herself, who managed, as David Daiches once said, to "domicile the monstrous in the ordinary rhythms of life and work". For the Brontë children, so-called "real life" came second to the sagas which they invented for themselves, day by day; and in the paintings of Balthus there is likewise at once a world of fact, minutely observed and scrupulously set down, and a parallel world in which imagination of the most delicate and resourceful sort rules absolutely.

In the 1930s Balthus had a Parisian life, in that he went on working in that part of the 6th *arrondissement* which has kept, even to this day, its modesty of scale. His grand outdoor subject was still the rue Bourbon-le-Château, which runs between the rue de Buci and the rue de l'Echaudé. In the second half of the decade he moved to a studio in the Cours de Rohan, not far away: a house carved out, as Cyril Connolly put it, "of the huge vine-clad masonry of Philippe-Auguste's fortifications". He painted portraits: most memorably, of Derain, who had become a close friend of his, and of Marie-Laure de Noailles. When he had his first exhibition at the Galerie Pierre in 1934, Antonin Artaud wrote on it in the "Nouvelle Revue Française". What he said is reprinted here.

Artaud put the professional art-critic to shame when he disentangled so deftly, one after another, the elements of Balthus' painting: the detachment, the passion for "things as they actually are", the sphinx-like fascination of the completed picture, the complex attitude to "reality", and the thought-through position which contrasts with the dis-co-ordinated actions of everyday life. The second and larger version of "The Street", completed in 1933, formed part of the exhibition at the Galerie Pierre. If we set it beside the version of 1929, it is as if a lens had suddenly been brought

into exact focus: everything is sharper, firmer, more detailed, pushed further in the direction of complete statement. But that statement is also more stylised: Seurat has finally taken over from Bonnard as sponsor to the painting. The woman on the extreme right, with the rather forward boy in her arms, is even more like the seated nursemaid in the "Grande Jatte". Four new major figures have made their appearance, and the blank embrasure of the house on the extreme left has been replaced by a curious bedhead-like structure. We know a great deal more about all the people in the picture: about their faces, above all. They have an altogether more pronounced animation: one that suggests, almost, that we are in the theatre, or in some more southerly town where life is acted out in the streets. But there is also a pervasive ambiguity about these figures. That boy in the chef's cap, for instance: is he a living boy, or is he a flat wooden simili-chef on whose chest the menu of the day will shortly be chalked? Like Seurat in the "Grande Jatte", Balthus re-adjusts, in terms of scale and perspective, as pleases him; people turn into giants or dwarfs as suits the picture best.

Later in the 1930s, Balthus spent a lot of time in Savoie. Living once again in those grassy uplands, with high peaks visible on every side, it came about quite naturally that he drew closer to Courbet, whom Artaud had discerned as one of the greatest of his admirations. The landscape round Ornans, where Courbet had found so many of his motifs, had something in common with the area in which Balthus was living; and, equally, Courbet's intent, weighty and profoundly *felt* way of dealing with the human body was really more congenial to Balthus than the quirky, emblematic method of Seurat in his great symphonic paintings.

James Thrall Soby pointed out in 1956 that the two children in Courbet's "P.-J. Proudhon and his Family", now in the Petit Palais in Paris, were the ancestors of more than one painting by Balthus: ancestors by virtue of their full and rounded forms, their all-forgetting absorption in pastimes of their own invention, and the slow, patient, exhaustive manner of their presentation. Unlike Derain, who painted fast, began wonderfully well, and ended by spoiling the picture, Balthus began slowly and persisted, often for years together, in a task which he believed to be impossible but did not propose, for that reason, to shirk: the task of total realisation.

Courbet did not only serve as a precursor in matters of the figure (as, for instance, in "The Bernese Hat" of 1938-39, no. **13**). In his "Gour de Conches" of 1864 in the museum in Besançon there is a water-loud gorge, a vertical cliff-face, a texture of stones worn away by water, and a peculiar light, glistening and yet hooded. It is not at all a gorge-piece in the romantic sense; we do not stand in awe before Nature in one of her rhetorical moods. Not at all: we rub our noses in it. The picture is minutely composed, in terms of space and distance, but it is also itself like a very small fragment of the scene it portrays: a fragment of wall, two feet square, rubbed and moistened and built up of some fatty, chalky material that has nothing to do with aesthetising. It has its parallel in this exhibition in the little "Gotheron Landscape" (1943, no. **22**). But, meanwhile, Balthus had challenged Courbet on an altogether grander scale, in the huge picture called "La Montagne" (1936 no. **6**,).

Courbet, The young ladies of the village

The parallel, here, is with the almost equally large painting by Courbet called "The Young Ladies of the Village", in the Metropolitan Museum. Painted in 1851, this allies a landscape with which the artist was intimately familiar (the valley called "Le Communal", not far from Ornans, with the Roche de Dix Heures in the background) with people no less well known to him: his three sisters. "La Montagne" (finished, by the way, in Derain's studio, since Balthus' own was too small) has these same characteristics: a landscape which Balthus had known since boyhood, figurants drawn from himself and the people nearest to him. In his treatment of landscape on a large scale, Courbet proceeded throughout with a post-Romantic heaviness and literalness which was not quite Balthus' way. The landscape in "La Montagne" has a crystalline quality which is, on the contrary, pre-Romantic: a message from the world of Carus and Caspar David Friedrich. The figures, too, have a note of undergraduate high spirits, as if young people with a superabundance of energy had set off with the equipment prescribed by Baedeker ("a light game-bag or *gibecière*", for instance) and were acting out all the absurdities that came into their heads: hallooing, shamming sleep, striking the attitudes prescribed by Victorian tradition, and yet being genuinely carried away by the grandeur of the scene and the pleasure of one another's company.

"La Montagne" is to Balthus what "Bonjour, M. Courbet" was to Courbet: a major work full of private allusions and permeated by powerful feelings about particular people in a particular landscape. As an indication of the way in which

Balthus, The mountain 1936

Balthus was likely to develop it is, on the hand, somewhat misleading: in particular the ironical and parodistic element in "La Montagne" has been used only sparingly since. A more reliable portent was "The White Skirt" of the same year. The attitude is that of an Alice grown too large to curl up in her chair; the sitter had been the model for Cathy in the "Wuthering Heights" drawings. Courbet is still there, in the pose of the head, so precisely reminiscent of Courbet's portrait of Jo, the Irish girl who was Whistler's mistress. (The looking-glass in Whistler's portrait was to recur in Balthus, but many years later, in "The Turkish Room" of 1963/66, and in still later paintings which he has not yet completed). The commitment is every bit as complete as Courbet's, but it is as if he had taken Courbet, drained off the fat, and added notions of severity and detachment with which Courbet never had any truck. Artaud had foreseen this in 1936, when he wrote: "Balthus has the soul of an ascete, and there is a veritable 'ascesis' in his way of using colour. He practises this 'ascesis' when he paints. He says 'No' to the temptation of giving himself over to the easy and factitious intoxication of colour. But in this way he secures a graver, darker form of intoxication, and one which makes the objects in the picture sing out in a light of their own. He gives life to those objects in a light which he has appropriated for himself. One could say that there is such a thing as 'Balthus colour' and such a thing as 'Balthus light'."

The asceticism of which Artaud spoke characterised both the objects themselves and Balthus' way of handling them. A ferocious plainness and a downright simplicity are the mark for instance

of the portrait, painted in 1936, of the Vicomtesse de Noailles, whom most painters would have chosen to portray in quite a different interior and in a costume less reminiscent of the penitentiary. Where Bonnard made a standard French bathroom radiator look like the gates of Paradise, Balthus made plain things plainer still. It was as if he had jumped over Bonnard, over Seurat, and over Courbet, turned his head aside from the seductions of the 18th century, and moved back in time to the age of Caravaggio and of the French *peintres de la réalité*. It takes Caravaggio to paint an unvarnished wooden table as Balthus painted it.

But, more important than any outward plainness, there was the gravity of stance: and the language of form which went with it. Looking at the big painters of the 17th century – or at the ones with whom Balthus has something in common – we notice that each one of them has a formal language of his own. In Caravaggio there is an incomparable high drama in the way in which a human body is modelled by the light: more intent, more searching, more truly penetrating than any act of physical love is the painter's command of the thing seen and the excitement, just this side of hysteria, with which he takes possession of it. Caravaggio could paint almost anything with this kind of concentration, this determination not to let go; but he was on his very top form when the subject-matter allowed him a reinforced hold and when feeling and style multiplied one another. Georges de La Tour, likewise, did not choose candle-light scenes because they made a touching effect. He chose them because the soft, full, slow movement of candlelight across the forms made possible a monumentality which would have been lost in the full light of day.

A picture which shows Balthus at work on this problem is the "Girl in Green and Red (The Candlestick)" of 1939. When a version of this was published in "Cahiers d'Art" in 1945 Balthus' friend the poet Pierre Leyris described the figure as wearing "a bipartite jersey – a page's? or a Fool's? – in red and green. It's a woman, quite certainly, but the angelic face is half-way to being androgynous. She is more fatidic than heraldic: and comes more from a Tarot pack than from heraldry. One might call her the angel of tradition . . ." Well, tradition does hover over the picture: in the light that falls diagonally from left to right, making it pointless to light the candle; in the severe pyramidal design, emphasised by the firm horizontal of the front edge of the table, and the vertical lines which answer to it in the tablecloth and the girl's jersey; and in the choice of still-life objects. The bread, the silver dish, and the candlestick remind us of how Caravaggio, in his "Supper at Emmaus" in our National Gallery, could give an air of disquiet even to the fruit on the table. That knife, for instance, so intemperately plunged into the bread, is a very different thing from the knives which the Impressionists would place to offset the white of the tablecloth. It is nearer, in fact, to the knife which poignards the loaf of bread in the Wadsworth Atheneum still life of 1937 (no. **9**): at that stage in his career Balthus had not perfected the air of detachment which marks his paintings in the 1950s and 60s, and we are free to think, when faced with the Wadsworth Atheneum picture, that the meal has been interrupted by an act of violence which left the plate pushed hastily to one side and the decanter smashed at the neck. But in all this there is, as Camus said, "a knife, but never any blood".

The angel of tradition stood guard, also, over the large-scale landscape called "Larchant" of 1939 (no. **14**). As the ruined church of Larchant is set in gently rolling country not far from Fontainebleau it would be natural for any educated painter to remember the tranced light in which Corot once bathed the Ile de France. To that, Balthus added the sculptural quality which Cézanne aimed at when he was painting the Carrière de Bibémus: the sense that space could be cut into like marble. Above all, this extraordinary painting looks back to the vision of Jerusalem which Piero made in the likeness of Borgo Sansepolcro: a city cut out of triangles and rectangles and irregular parallelograms, organised according to celestial mathematics of Piero's own devising. "Larchant" is two things in one: it is an identifiable landscape, re-ordered in terms of a grandeur that is personal to Balthus. And it is also an early investigation into the universal congruity of forms. Asked about his intentions, Balthus once said that he was looking for the inner relationship between one form and another, and for sequences of form and colour that would follow one another naturally, inevitably, ineluctably. "Larchant" can be read, almost, as still life: the field in the foreground could be a cloth that hangs down from the edge of a table bounded by the horizontal edge of the field. The village itself could be a collection of still-life objects and the horizon could mark the line of the dado on the wall behind. Beyond a certain degree of abstraction, objects are interchangeable and forms related in a kinship that is not that of everyday. That is, of course, a commonplace of second- and third-rate abstract painting, and even more so of that still feebler kind of painting which is neither one thing nor the other but hopes to make an impression of some sort by sketching an obeisance to both. The singularity of Balthus lies in his having combined a maximum fullness of objectivity in the rendering of objects with a maximum regard for the unity of the picture as, itself, a single coherent form.

But Balthus is above all things a figure-painter. It is rare in the 20th century to see a figure-painting of any consequence, from the seated figures of analytical cubism to the portraits of Bacon, in which the facts of everyday vision are not in some way manipulated: fragmented, re-adjusted, re-composed. Balthus never does anything of this sort. Each figure is shown as anyone could see it if he happened to eavesdrop on the scene. In point of fact, however, we do not often come upon scenes of that kind, and painting has never before made them its province. The stiff, formal, self-conscious and traditional postures of conventional figure-painting are a very different thing from the attitudes of stretch and abandon in which Balthus surprises his models. The young people in his paintings are in a state of involvement, sometimes conscious, sometimes not; and because this involvement often specifies a high degree of sexual readiness the work has got a name for eroticism. Balthus himself does not see them in this way and would claim, I think, to value the postures in question primarily for their compositional interest. If the spectator chooses, when confronted with "Thérèse et son Chat" (no. **12**), to think of Diderot's *bijoux indiscrets*, no one can stop him; but he will not have the painter's support. As far as Balthus is concerned, that jewel-case stays shut. Still, we are entitled to notice that there is a great difference in formal cogency between the paintings in which powerful emotions are engaged and those – for instance the commissioned portraits of 1936, none of which is

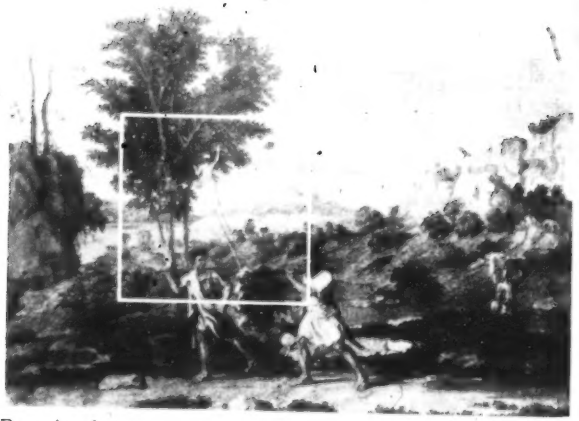
in this show – where the painter is simply doing a thoroughly conscientious job.

Balthus is a great hand at the discreet quotation, often a long way from its original context. The portrait of Miro and his daughter of 1937-38 (no. **10**) is, for instance, on one level a marvellously exact and tender characterization: even Miro's suede shoes are individualised – as is, also, the precise degree of Miss Miro's impatience to get on to more active pursuits. With Derain, Balthus had been dealing with someone who was not only a close friend and the companion of many a night-long talk but a painter no less devoted than himself to the portrayal of "things as they are". Miro as a painter was at the opposite extreme; but his retiring and hesitant nature comes over just as strongly as Derain's minatory glare and old-style tragedian's stance. One might think that Balthus had taken a pose that just came to hand; but, looking at this picture over and over again in New York, I suddenly saw in it the wraith of a very different and much earlier sort of picture. What we have here is, in formal terms, a seated Madonna and Child of a kind that turns up repeatedly in Italian painting – the Madonna some local mother, the Child a real child and a shade too full-grown for this particular duty.

When war broke out in September 1939 Balthus was called up, served for a while in the French army, and eventually was invalided out into private life. He soon returned to mountain-country: and the "Paysage Gotheron" (no. **22**) bespeaks an identification with the given scene which is quite different from the celestial mathematics of "Larchant". The gift for quotation remained constant, however. Nothing could look more "natural" than "The Cherry Trees" of 1941 (no. **16**), and indeed nothing could convey more faithfully the feel of Savoie in high summer, far below the snow-line, when the black cherries are there by the million and the light of late afternoon has a quality of extreme saturation. Well, once again, that picture that looks so spontaneous can also be related to one of the high points of European painting: the four great landscapes by Poussin of "The Seasons" which are now in the Louvre. "The Cherry Trees" runs closely parallel to a detail, seen as it were through a microscopic lens, in Poussin's "Autumn": same girl, one might think, same ladder, same branch, same sensation of life momentarily brought to a halt.

It was not, for all that, mere borrowing. Still less was it a backward look by someone who could not come to terms with modernity. For an equivalent, I would look to Baudelaire, borrowing from Racine in order to have just that much extra momentum when he spoke about the present. For Balthus transforms what he borrows. The girl on the ladder is not, as in Poussin, a metaphor for the fullness and generosity of nature. She is an individual girl on the threshold of life and reaching up to pluck the fulfilment which has hitherto been out of reach.

In 1941 Balthus began on the first of a long series of paintings that are set in an inner room, half nursery, half drawing room, in which mysterious games are going forward. In this context, day-dreaming is a favourite among games, with reading a close second and cards not far behind. In the Minneapolis "Drawing Room" (1941-43) (no. **19**) and the Whitney "Drawing Room" (1942) (no. **18**) the basic situation is identical. On the floor, parallel to the picture plane, a young



Poussin, Autumn

Balthus, Cherry trees 1941

girl is reading. In the Whitney version her crupper is raised higher, there is more potential power in its thrust, and her face is more sharply defined. The Whitney version has also, on the floor to the left, that same enigmatic cat who appears in many of Balthus' paintings as a privileged eavesdropper: we are entitled to remember at this point that Balthus loves cats and at one time, in 1937, painted a self-portrait inscribed "H.M. The King of the Cats". In the Whitney version the girl on the sofa, common to both pictures, is more explicitly in a trance of pleasure as she half-sits, half-lies, with her head thrown straight back. On the table a jug with wide-open lid mimes her attitude in reverse: in the Minneapolis version this is replaced by a Caravaggesque bowl of fruit. In both pictures two lengths of material are strewn over sofa and table in such a way as to introduce that note of disquiet, or at the least of disarray, which often is the mark of Balthus in still-life. The Whitney version is a little more tightly organised: the relationship of carpet to panelling is, for instance, just that much more emphatic, just as the faces are just that much more explicit. Both are very beautiful pictures; but the Whitney version seems to me to give away a little more of its affinities. For who is the girl on the floor, with her long questing nose and overhanging hair, but the active partner in Courbet's "Awakening"? Yet these two paintings are quintessential Balthus, and Courbet is no sooner named and acknowledged than we turn back to the subtler questions which Balthus sets us in the two "Drawing Rooms" and which he will certainly disdain to answer.

The latter part of the war saw Balthus consistently raising the stake, as it were, by taking on more and more difficult formal problems and

getting them to co-exist with an emotional *donnée* which remained much the same: the predicament of the very young person who looks everywhere – to a pack of cards, to a looking-glass, to books permitted or otherwise – for an answer to the question "What is grown-up life like, and what part in it is destined for ME?"

In the Chicago "Patience" of 1943 (no. **20**) he set the main subject against the light and went after effects of still life which Vermeer would have appreciated. This Dutchness came out equally in the unusually explicit and luxurious "placing" of the social milieu. Gone was the police-state waiting-room in which the Vicomtesse de Noailles had been set: the cardtable could have been signed by a master ebenist. But in "The Golden Days" of 1944-46 (no. **23**) we are back in the children's rooms, under the eaves one could think oneself, at first, in a manor-house somewhere in Savoie: an 18th century house with no running water on the top floor but better-than-average comforts in other respects. But then the proportions of the chimney-piece remind us of the one through which Alice tumbled in "Through the Looking-Glass"; and the proportions of the fire remind us of "Wuthering Heights"; and the scene itself reminds us of the secret meetings with which Cathy and young Heathcliff would outwit their elders. The picture has, for obvious reasons, a gigantic emotional impact; but that impact comes, finally, as much from the rich and subtle charting of the light, and from the firmly-articulated construction (V-shaped, with an invisible point of junction in the centre of the canvas down below) as from the immediate message of the scene portrayed. "Jo, the Irish Girl" comes to mind again as Cathy/Alice admires herself in the glass, but the picture is, once again, quintessential Balthus.

Card-games play a considerable part in Balthus' work: partly for their premonitory quality, partly for the formalised hostilities to which they give rise, partly for the beauty and regularity of the card-system itself, with its unvarying Court and dependable accessories. The "Card Game" of 1948-50 (no. **29**) followed the Chicago "Patience" (no. **20**) as a major treatment of the subject: smaller studies include the Chardin-like single figure lent to this exhibition (no. **24**) by Maître and Madame Maurice Rheims. Cards make themselves felt even where they are invisible: the little "Colette in Profile", for instance (no. **37**), looks as if she had just laid down her hand and dropped out of the game. Cards stand, above all, for the advantages over another human being which can suddenly come our way; Cézanne painted card-players for their immobility, but Balthus turns to them for the baroque compositional effects which they make possible with perfect plausibility.

After the end of the war, Balthus returned to Paris. He was one of many people who took a particular pleasure in going to a very good fish-restaurant in the Place de l'Odéon, and in 1949 he painted the picture called "The Méditerranée's Cat" for that restaurant's proprietor. It is the kind of picture which offends art-historians, who have nowhere to put it in their files; but, like some of the plates in Matisse's "Jazz", it allows of an outlet for feelings which do not find a place in more straight-faced productions. It allowed him, for instance, to masquerade as the cat on to whose plate a continual rainbow-like stream of red mullet comes up straight from the Mediterranean. It

all ows us a last glimpse of Balthus' Cathy as she pulls out to sea, and it allowed him to pay his respects to Seurat in the ordering of jetty and lighthouse and the downward line of the coast to the right: echoes, both, of Seurat's seaside procedures. This period also produced one or two stage designs. Balthus had made his first stage design in 1934 as part of a much-disputed production of "As You Like It", in Jules Supervielle's adaptation, at the Théatre des Champs-Elysées. Artaud was one of the few people to see the point of this production, and he went out of his way to say how perfectly Balthus the lifelong anglomane had paralleled Shakespeare's idea of the forest. A year later Balthus made the décors for Artaud's production of "The Cenci": a sketch for this production appears in this exhibition as no. **64**. In the late 1940s he made the décors for "L'Etat de Siège", by his friend Albert Camus, and for Ugo Betti's "L'Ile aux Chèvres", and in 1950 he designed a production of "Cosi fan Tutte" for the Festival d'Aix-en-Provence. But the productions which really counted were on a stage of his own imagining, and the early 1950s saw two of the finest of these: "La Chambre" (1949-52) (no. **34**) and "Le Passage du Commerce Saint-André" (1952-54).

"La Chambre" is based on the fact that in sleep, or in the waking dreams that sometimes take possession of us, we sometimes assume postures even more expressive, and more baroque, than those customary at the card-table. One such posture – head flung back and down, one leg stretched straight out, hands all adrift – was adumbrated in the two versions of "The Drawing-Room" in 1942 and carried further in "The Four Thursdays" of 1949 in which the half-conscious girl reaches up to caress, whether intentionally or not, a cat. That same cat – looking, one can only say, remarkably like Balthus himself – is present in "The Room" of 1954: but strictly, this time, as a spectator. The outstretched girl has a rival for our attention in the dwarfish figure who grips the curtain. Whether she is friend or enemy, traitor or accomplice; whether she is opening or closing the curtain; whether the scene is beginning or ending – all these questions remain unanswered: Balthus is not Fuseli, and there is no one explanation of what is going, or what has gone, on. Yet the incident as portrayed exerts beyond question, a thraldom as complete as anything in this century's painting. Part of this derives from the renewed bareness of the environment. The apparatus of luxury has fallen away: bare walls, bare floor, a single curtain are all that remain. If there is something august about the strange scene, this bareness contributes to it – as does, also, the colossal height of the room, if we are to estimate it by the size of the wardrobe, a depository for giants, which tands in the background on the left. A gallows could be set up in this room.

And yet it is not, finally, a sinister picture. The girl on the day-bed could be one of Camus' *égorgées décentes*, and her companion could have killed her, as Rogozhin killed Nastasia Philippovna, without a drop of blood showing. But I prefer to think of "The Room" as a metaphor for one of those decisive moments which painting alone can perpetuate: the moment at which an ideally desirable body is revealed with Light as its lover.

In the early 1950s Balthus could often be met with in the strange T-shaped intersection, just north of the Odéon metro-station, which is called the Passage du Commerce Saint-André. It was a piece of Paris in which Restif de la Bretonne would still have felt at home: better than any theatre in Paris, it presented the *comédie humaine* on what was, in its basic lay-out, just the kind of stage which Molière or Marivaux would have made the most of. Every sort of person passed through there. Balthus once sketched it, uninhabited, in water-colour: the shopfronts, the painted sign of a key on the facing wall, the waist-high windows of the ground-floor apartments, and the complex geometry of doors and window-frames and shutters and rooftops – everything that had fascinated him, in fact, since he made his first *summa* of Parisian life in 1929. Unluckily the owner of the great painting which eventually resulted, "The Passage du Commerce Saint-André" of 1952-54, did not feel able to lend it for this exhibition. I should explain, therefore, that within an architectural setting of the greatest subtlety and complexity it presents a kind of "Three Ages of Man" in modern terms. On the pavement a small child, barely more than a baby, sits playing with her dolls; across the way from her is a tiny old man, bent, bald, and shrunk, and likewise seated on the pavement. Alice/Cathy is there, twice over: once alone, once reaching up towards a playmate at a window which, exceptionally, is just about at eye-level. Balthus himself is there, seen from behind as he walks back with his daily baton of bread. Across the rearground there stalks, bent over her cane, an elderly Parisian woman whom we recognise as Balthus' perennial Ancient: ogre and supervisor, spectre of age and decay.

Balthus, Le Passage du Commerce Saint-André 1952-54.

Hogarth, Morning (detail)
cf. Balthus catalogue nos. **2, 5, 28, 62**

It would be surprising if so complex a scene were without its echoes. That conjugation of doors and windows owes something, surely, to Piero: looking at that old man, as he gazes out in profile upon a world that will soon be withdrawn from him, we cannot but remember Piero's dying Adam, profiled likewise as he sits, likewise, at the extreme right of another great panoramic view of society. As for the old *commère* on her cane, veteran of "The Quays" (1929), "La Toilette de Georgette" (1948-49) and the "Wuthering Heights" series, she has always had, to my eye, a look of Hogarth: surely the rich spinster in Hogarth's print "Morning" is, at the very least, her English cousin. Hogarth is a recurring presence in Balthus' work: not so much in direct quotation as in Balthus' readiness to push certain figures to the very frontiers of caricature, and to load his subject-pictures with just the kind of telling still-life that Hogarth chose, over and over again, for his moralities.

The "Passage" is one of those definitive statements which leaves nothing more to be said. Balthus left Paris before it was begun and has since returned there only as a visitor. Up to 1961 he lived in an isolated mansion surrounded by its own farms in the department of Nièvre. At the Château de Chassy his work soon took a different turn. Landscapes appeared, one after the other, which had nothing to do with the Swiss and Savoyard landscapes of the 1930s and 40s. Based in several cases on the view from his house, and preceded by Cézannesque pencil-drawings, they were bare-branched, analytical, minutely-plotted and severe in their general tone. The trees had a look of the Chinese painting which he had studied in his boyhood above the Lake of Thun, but the paintings as a whole were all that is most European in the calm, regular, calculated ordering of the given facts.

Those facts looked as if they had been set down without alteration, but they hadn't: comparison of two variants of the same scene will show a certain degree of compositional licence. The viewpoint was simultaneously down and up, in several cases. Space did not merely stretch backwards, as in old-style landscape painting: it was curved and elasticized, like a crossbow drawn taut. The main courtyard of the farm was painted at least three times between 1954 and 1960, and the rhomboidal field in the middle distance was detached to form the main subject of another painting (no. **41**). Finally, in 1960, Balthus painted the "Big Landscape with Cow" (no. **51**).

All this could be taken as a determination to put down new roots and identify with a new landscape. The Nièvre was none too hilly for Balthus' tastes, but the forecourt of the farm set all kinds of compositional problems, with its outer and inner gates, its roofs steep-pitched to left and right, and the strangely-shaped patches of pale sunlight which streaked across the floor of the yard. This particular kind of rustic geometry was new to him, and he found ways of putting it all in, every bit of it, and yet keeping the picture as coherent as it had been when nothing was in question but a single figure in a bare room. He even got himself in: a stylised figure, hardly more human than a hydrant, stalking away from the observer. It looks casual, as if he were there as an afterthought or by way of a signature, but in point of fact he is as important to the composition as is the capstan or the distant lighthouse in one of Seurat's harbourscapes.

People in general have been rather baffled by these landscapes, tending to see them as a complete break with the earlier work. In reality, the "Big Landscape" of 1960 is based upon just such a T-shaped intersection as Balthus tackled in the "Passage du Commerce", and the affinities of form which he studies in the two pictures have a great deal in common. Piero's re-adjusted cities apply as much to the one as to the other, and the geometry of the "Big Landscape" is quite as complex as the geometry of the "Passage". The re-invention of *le langage pictural* is as intensive in the one as in the other, but the vocabulary happens to be quite different and less evidently compelling. Of course there is a great difference in manifest content between figure-subjects which set up an immediate emotional vibration of a kind peculiar to Balthus and landscapes which, at a first glance, look like a reversion to naturalism. But the landscapes in reality are not at all naturalistic: the painter has negotiated with Nature, and the result in at least one case is nearer to the philosophical landscapes of Poussin than to anything by Millet or Théodore Rousseau.

The picture I have in mind is the "Big Landscape with Cow" of 1959-60 (no. **51**). Fundamentally this is a matter of flat horizontal terraces: bands of slightly chalky or plastery pigment that traverse the canvas from side to side. Cow and cowman, in the lowest of these bands, would be said to be "in the foreground" if it were not that this picture is all foreground: space has been tilted forward so that field and hedge, field and sky, are equi-distant from us. Cow and cowman are wraith-like figures, with the apparent consistency of moths or butterflies. The nearer farm-buildings carry on the horizontals of field and hedge, as if to ease the

Poussin, Summer

Balthus, Landscape with cow 1959-60

transition from earth to sky. There is very little inflection in fields or hedges: we realise that the picture depends on the contrast between those wide flat un-inflected bands of paint and the restless forking and darting of the bare branches: each sets off the other.

A curious painting, certainly: one that seems to stand for an exalted conception of balance and order. Knowing that Balthus never makes an unconsidered mark, and that even the cowman's up-raised right arm must stand for something, we suddenly remember the supremely beautiful series of paintings in which Poussin commemorated the rightness of Nature and the presence in all natural things of a predestined order. Poussin in the four "Seasons" landscapes in the Louvre contrives to take all manner of disparate phenomena and combine them in a way which, though at a far remove from naturalism, convinces us in the end that this is how Nature would look if we were only intelligent enough to look at her activities in the right way. Balthus in the "Big Landscape with Cow" brings Poussin to Chassy: for what are those terraces if not a paraphrase of the terraced cornfields in Poussin's "Summer", and what is that phantomatic cow if not an allusion to the horses of Apollo which, in Poussin, tread down the corn? This painting shows what Matisse meant when he spoke of a painter's ability to draw upon the momentum of the civilisation of which he is a part.

Balthus was busy with indoor subjects, also, at Chassy. "Getting Up" (1955) (no. **40**), "The Dream I" (1955-56) (no. **42**), "The Fortune Teller" (1956) (no. **44**), "Golden Afternoon" (1957) (no. **47**), "The Moth" (1959) (no. **50**), "The Boy with the Pigeon" (1959-60) (no. **52**), "The Cup of Coffee" (1959-60) (no. **53**) are among the large-scale pictures which date from the Chassy period. As always, there was a great deal of discreet hallooing among the great painters of the past, even if the final picture says "Balthus" in a very clear voice. "Getting Up" is, for instance, an evocation of a particular young body, but it is also a variant of Caravaggio's provocative "Amor Vincitor" in Berlin. The "Girl in White" of the same year (no. **39**) is manifestly one particular person, but it can also remind us of Corot's figure-paintings. "The Bather" of 1960, an odd man out in Balthus' *oeuvre*, is best explained by the thraldom of Cézanne's "Grand Baigneur" in the Museum of Modern Art. The "open window" theme, in which a young girl stands with her back to us before a window, is represented in this exhibition only by a drawing dated 1957 (no. **76**): but we recognise in it a motif dear to pre-Romantic painting and a favourite both with Caspar David Friedrich and with Schubert's friend Moritz von Schwind.

Some people miss, in all this, the element which in French is called *le trouble:* the unfocused disquiet which hovers over Balthus' earlier paintings. And of course it is easier to get on terms of a sort with "The Room" than with "Golden Afternoon". The absolute plenitude of "Golden Afternoon" has to be taken in slowly. The almost square format sends us circling round and round, for one thing: there is no easy, lazy movement of the eye from left to right and out of the picture. "Golden Afternoon" is enormously rich in incident: so much so that we could almost smell the faintly-human cat as he snoozes on the stool in the left-hand corner. We know from drawings made at this time that Balthus was bent on getting a grand Cézannesque architecture into every

Caravaggio, Amor Vincitor

Balthus, Getting up 1955

Moritz von Schwind, Morning hour

Balthus, The window 1958

detail of still life; and in "Golden Afternoon" life is fêted, quilted, felted, velveted, patterned with sunshine and held up close for us to touch if we feel like it. Perspective is abandoned in "Golden Afternoon" – to the extent, at any rate, that if this were old-fashioned painting the sleeping girl would long ago have been tipped off the sofa and on to the floor. We see more than we could see if we were in the room: "Show us everything!" we cry to the painter, and he indulges us.

New kinds of paintings demand, sometimes, a new kind of paint. Balthus in his indoor paintings at Chassy was coming more and more to present a given scene in terms of patches of paint which emphasized the flatness of the canvas. The apparatus of traditional deception dropped away, that is to say, and we were not asked to believe that the picture was anything but what it was: a flat canvas on which marks were made. In a painting like "The Moth" (no. **50**) the space portrayed is extremely shallow: the figure, the moth, the lamp, the glass, the shadowed bed are shown as if on a frieze. Always sparing in his appeals to the traditional eloquence of oil-paint, Balthus began in "The Moth" to move towards quite a new kind of paint-structure: a structure nearer to plaster or cement than to the savoury messes of *la belle peinture*. It was matt, crumbly-looking, and might have existed for ten thousand years; and it gave to the act of painting a quality of metamorphosis. Our century had never seen pictures painted in anything like this way: the paint took the pictures out of time, and a letter addressed to "Balthus, member of the Ecole de Paris" would have been sent back with "Gone away" scrawled across it.

And quite rightly: for these late pictures are not a form of superior distraction, though they can be amply enjoyed as such: they are answers to the question "What is there still left for painting to do? What experience can it offer which can be had nowhere else and has not already been achieved in painting?". If the pictures were simply allusions to the past, no matter how deft, they would have no resonance of their own. What is peculiar to Balthus in a painting like "The Moth" is, to begin with, the poetic intensity of the image presented. Earlier paintings by him had a great impact, but one which could be described by saying that it was "like" something or other. "The Moth" is not like anything but itself. Beyond this, there is the way of looking at things, and the way of classifying them, and the way of re-presenting them: for none of these is there a parallel. Abstract notions like "volume", "texture", "pattern", "order", "matter", "transparency" take on a new significance for us. The very act of painting re-assumes its ancient and magical quality: something has been done which could have been done in no other way.

In 1961 André Malraux appointed Balthus to be Director of the Académie de France in Rome. The Académie has been housed for the past hundred and fifty years in the Villa Medici. Now, the Villa has a hallowed place in the history of art: Michelangelo may have had a hand in its design, Velazquez painted in the eighteen-acre gardens, Ingres was Director for many years. Balthus decided to undo the harm that had been done to the Villa by a century and more of bureaucracy and restore it to something like its original condition. In particular the frescoes (by someone near to

Pierino del Vaga) were revealed for the first time for many generations, and the Villa was cleared of a vast amount of unsuitable rubbish.

But all this took a great deal of time: five years, during which Balthus' painting-time was severely foreshortened. This was the more unfortunate in that he was at work on several elaborate figure-subjects: the three "Three Sisters" groups, for instance, which he completed between 1964 and 1966 and the "Turkish Room" (1963-66). Missions to the Far East and to Afghanistan made further inroads on his time, and the three major paintings now in his studio have all been under way for many months. These big figure-subjects cannot be hurried: the look of finality which we find in each version of "The Three Sisters" (nos. **58**, **59**) is achieved only when the internal logic of each painting has been tested and re-tested through every imaginable shift of colour and form. In terms of subject-matter they represent a return to the preoccupations of the 1930s and 40s: the three figures are polite pagans, she-fauns or he-nymphs who seem to stand not for either sex, as we know them, but for a superior sex which has the master-qualities of both. But we also get, very strongly, the pleasures of architecture, the pleasures of symbolic patterning, and the pleasures of a grand pictorial design which is as strong as the thighs and thews of the three sitters.

In "The Turkish Room" (no. **57**), an early purchase by the new Centre National d'Art Contemporain, the special qualities of late Balthus reach their culmination. Those reckless repeated patterns could look rackety or decorative, but in a mysterious way they don't: they are there, very strongly, but they keep their place. That portly double window-frame, in the top right corner, could be merely eccentric but turns out to set off the figure on the bed as Don Quixote was offset by Sancho Panza. The items of still-life towards the right-hand edge of the canvas could look cramped, squeezed as they are into what looks like a six-inch space between the picture-plane and the wall: but there turns out to be plenty of room. Space, once again, is elasticized, and bends in or out as needed. Wherever we look is the focus of the picture: wherever we look, the light falls equally: no one thing takes precedence over any one thing: the world is in two dimensions, or in three, interchangeably, and we have the privileges of both.

Since "The Turkish Room" was completed, in 1966, Balthus has gone on re-inventing the language of painting. Two large paintings of the single figure, now in progress, are as distinct from "The Turkish Room" as "The Turkish Room" is distinct from "The Drawing Room" or "The Mountain". Not for him the sickening manufactures with which other paintings capitalise on successes already far distant: but then, in any case, he regards his paintings as "utter failures, without exception" and is likely to say of any particular one that it was not finished at all, but merely given up in despair. We are free to think otherwise. For the truth is that among painters born in this century none has come near to Balthus in bearing out the argument put forward by Artaud in 1934: that "the true painter is not content with schemas. He paints things as they really are". What Artaud could not foresee is that since 1934 we have quite a new conception of "things as they really are": new ideas about matter, new ideas about space, new ideas about the naming of things, new ideas about their relation to one another. Balthus could conceivably

have been discredited by this and taken on an antiquarian and a superseded look. But, on the contrary, the pictures look fresher than ever, and more pertinent: space in "The Turkish Room" is infinitely flexible, matter is at once incorporeal and yet incontestably "there", and affinities and congruities of form are probed in ways that would have seemed unthinkable in 1934, when "things as they really are" could seem to a very intelligent man to have been described once and for all by J. L. David. Time has touched many of the pictures in this show with a strange immunity; and it may well be that when other reputations of the day have gone the way of Ozymandias' memorial Balthus will still be there as the last of the great European painters.

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Balthus, Portrait of André Derain (*not exhibited*)
collection: Museum of Modern Art, New York

Balthus

by Albert Camus

The artist, a patient and clear-sighted swimmer, makes his way up strange streams towards forgotten springs. A footprint in the sand, dead fires, the dimly heard call of an invisible sentry: such are the promises that sustain him. He strives above all to resist being swept along by the current. Before losing himself in the estuary, he wants to discover the river's source and the promised land. Such is the painter who seeks to wrest the world from darkness and to give permanence to that which is fast disappearing. At each new dawn, creation begins afresh. Landscapes, faces and objects take flight, vanish from memory, or destroy one another. This is why painters of landscape and other subjects isolate in space and in time that which normally would fade into the endless distance or disappear under the impact of other values. They pin it down and the true painters are those who, like the great Italians, convey the impression that this act has just taken place, as though a film had stopped short. All the figures in great painting make one feel that they have only just stopped moving and that, through the miracle of art, they go on living and yet are no longer perishable. I know no better example of this technique than the portrait of Derain by Balthus in the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

A painter's style is essentially a certain way of conjugating the natural with the impossible, of presenting that which is perpetually in process of becoming, and of presenting it in an instant which is endless. Balthus has a style, and that is rare enough nowadays. But his manner is a singular one: such painting can best be defined, I think, by saying that its strangeness grows in proportion to its realism. For Balthus knows that creation cannot be a solitary act and that in order to correct reality one must make use of it instead of turning one's back on it, as so many of our contemporaries do.

He knows that it is easier to shock than to convince. Nature is not ugly, it is a thing of beauty. If it fails to satisfy us, that is because it is constantly changing, both in its living creatures and in its landscapes.

We must therefore encompass it, not deny it. We must choose, not destroy. Balthus chooses, keeping as close as possible to his model, and he fixes the emotion and the scene both at once, so precisely that one has the impression of gazing through glass at figures which a kind of spell has turned to stone, not for ever but for one-fifth of a second, after which their motion will be resumed. That fifth of a second is still going on as I write: that's the point and then we realise that nature, if we look at it during that instant of silence and stillness, is even stranger than the strange monsters that take shape in men's imagination. What is before us is indeed reality, the most familiar sort of reality. But we learn through Balthus that until now we did not know how to see it, that our homes, our friends, our streets concealed disturbing aspects to which we closed our eyes. We learn, above all, that the most ordinary reality can assume that unfamiliar, remote air, the soft resonance, the muffled mystery of a lost paradise.

And therein lies Balthus' essential talent; from a dying day he can recreate that perpetual daylight of which he seeks to say, in his own way, that it is the only true light, that paradise of childhood, as fresh as Baudelaire's *vert paradis*. The little girl who figures in so many of Balthus' paintings is a revealing symbol in this respect. The illustra-

tions he made for *Wuthering Heights* might, at times, serve just as well for *Le Grand Meaulnes*. Balthus has understood that one of the keys of this book, which expresses the anguish and fury of adult love, is the remembrance of the childish love between Cathy and Heathcliff, and the terrible nostalgia that obsessed these two beings until the hour of their final parting. They were literally on fire with nostalgia, and that suffering which people think of as something out of the ordinary thus reveals its true face, blind and ravaged, the very face of human misery, in its exhausting struggle to return upstream to the source of innocence and joy.

True, Balthus paints victims, but they are significant ones; he shows a knife but never any blood. His conception of pathos is a different one. He is interested not in crime but in purity. Bloodstained victims would retain the mark of their murderers, whereas he shows them as being offered up in all the profound innocence of that which is no more, released at last from the hellish torment of cities and of time, still intact but henceforward inaccessible, restored to that melancholy and cruel paradise through which Balthus wanders like the cats he loves to paint. This is the Bluebeard side of his painting. Balthus has too keen an appreciation of extremes not to include crime, to which really appalling knowledge sometimes leads. So all his sleeping women seem like victims; their throats have been cut, but discreetly. As for the others, they are like creatures who were once beheaded and now, newly risen from the dead, retain that dreamy look that harmonises with the shockingly natural universe around them.

Balthus' paintings have been described as erotic. But if there is eroticism in the world of childhood it is unheeding. That sort of emotion creeps into it by the way; and it does not seem to me the principal element here. In any case, we should surely be betraying Balthus if we were to identify him with his subject matter. For the same nostalgia, the same stubborn will to recover, in the inexorable world about us, the signs of innocence and joy have brought him back, by daring ways, to the greatest tradition of landscape painting, that in which man is only a point of reference and stone and sky, by the mere operation of perspective, allow the strange peace of primitive days to filter through. It is through the paint structure itself that these fine landscapes rediscover an ancient secret, with their dense greens and blacks and browns. Here again, time is reversed. And without any artifice, through art of the most direct and simple sort, we travel back up the stream of life once more till we emerge in those gardens, remote from all tumult, where Balthus has finally set up his kingdom, peopled with silence and young girls, his homeland regained at last, in the very heart of an interminable exile.

(Translated by Jean Stewart)

Balthus at the Galerie Pierre (1934)

by Antonin Artaud

It would seem that painting is tired of going berserk, on the one hand, and poring over embryonic matter, on the other. Painting seems to be turning towards a kind of organic realism. So far from rejecting poetry, symbolic story-telling, and all that goes beyond normal experience, painting will be more than ever preoccupied with these things: and it will have surer ways of achieving them. For we can see by now that it is really a little too easy to play with those aspects of form which are foetal or incomplete and, in so doing, to produce something that is unexpected, remarkable, and quite out of the way. The true painter is not content with schemas. He paints things as they really are. He does not take his microscope and arrest Nature in mid-course in order to lift from her something that is not yet fully articulated. Aware of just what he can do, and of just how he will do it, he makes his way of set purpose into the world around him; and he comes back from that world with objects, bodies and forms on which he goes to work – well or badly, according to the degree of his inspiration.

Balthus paints, primarily, light and form. By the light of a wall, a polished floor, a chair or an epidermis he invites us to enter into the mystery of a human body. That body has a sex, and that sex makes itself clear to us, with all the asperities that go with it. The nude I have in mind has about it something harsh, something tough, something unyielding and – there is no gainsaying the fact – something cruel. It is an invitation to love-making, but one that does not dissimulate the dangers involved.

As for poetry – well, poetry comes into Balthus' painting in the picture called "Cathy Dressing", where the body of a young girl in love imposes itself in dreamlike fashion upon a canvas that has the realism of Courbet's "Atelier". Imagine, in life, an artist's model suddenly metamorphosed into a sphinx, and you will have some idea of the impact of "Cathy Dressing".

What we have here is the technique of J. L. David's day in the service of an inspiration that is entirely of our own time: an inspiration full of violence that is just right for our diseased epoch. These are times in which the artist is perforce a conspirator. If he uses "reality", it is the better to crucify it.

A Balthus
by Paul Eluard

Les petites misères des enfants gâtés
Vite entre les genêts salissent la verdure
Et le sable imputrescible tombe des jupes
Pour ces brutes la pluie ne fait plus sa lessive

Jamais pour les nattées déficientes la mère
Construite comme un seau n'aura de mots sévères
Mais les habillera de dentelles dorées
Au paradis gueusant elle convie leur corps

Chiffons souillés protégeant l'oeuf dans la vallée
La flamme naine perd sa fleur dans son miroir
Et ce rire est la fin du rire pour toujours
Et cette source est la première et la dernière

Voir au terme d'un rêve où l'on jouait encore
Voir la tombe s'allonge et la chair prend du poids
Sur la terre et dessous on oublie les enfants
Une goutte de sang obscurcit l'univers.

Some one-man exhibitions

1934 Galerie Pierre, Paris

1943 Galerie Moos, Geneva

1946 Wildenstein's, Paris

1949 Pierre Matisse Gallery, New York

1952 Lefevre Gallery, London

1956 Museum of Modern Art, New York

1956 Wildenstein's, Paris

1961 Civica Galleria d'Arte Moderna, Turin

1966 Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Paris

1966 Galerie Henriette Gomès, Paris

1966 Casino, Knokke-le-Zoute

1966 Pierre Matisse Gallery, New York

Short bibliography

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James Thrall Soby, *Balthus*, catalogue of an exhibition at the Pierre Matisse Gallery, New York, 1938.

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René Char, 'Balthus ou le dard dans la fleur', in *Cahiers d'Art* 20-21, Paris, 1945.

Paul Eluard, 'A Balthus', in *Voir*, Geneva and Paris, 1948.

Robin Ironside, 'Balthus', in *Horizon* no. 100, London, 1948.

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Cyril Connolly, *Balthus and a selection of French Paintings*, introduction to catalogue of an exhibition at the Lefevre Galleries, London, 1952.

Rainer Maria Rilke, *Letters to Frau Gudi Nölke . . .*, pp. 63, 69, 121, 124-5, 129, London, 1955.

Georges Bernier, 'Balthus', in *L'Œil* 15, Paris, 1956.

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Gaëton Picon, 'Les Dalles de Venise', introduction to catalogue of the Balthus exhibition at the Musée des Art Décoratifs, Paris, 1966.

Michael Peppiatt, 'Balthus', in *Realities*, Paris, October 1967.

John Russell, article on Balthus in *Art in America*, New York, Nov.-Dec. 1967.

Catalogue note

French titles are given where it is thought useful.
Measurements are given in inches, height precedes width.
The last line of each entry refers to ownership.

Paintings

1
The Luxembourg Gardens *c.* 1927
Le Jardin du Luxembourg
Oil on canvas $24\frac{3}{4} \times 20$

Private collection, New York

2
The quays 1929
Les quais
Oil on canvas 28×23

Private collection, New York

3
The street 1929
La rue
Oil on canvas 51×63

Private collection, New York

4
The street 1933
La rue
Oil on canvas 76×94

Mr James Thrall Soby

5
Cathy dressing 1933
La toilette de Cathie
Oil on canvas 65×59

Private collection, New York

6
The mountain 1936
La montagne
Oil on canvas 98×143

Private collection, New York

7
Girl and cat 1937
Jeune fille au chat
Oil on board $34\frac{1}{2} \times 30\frac{3}{4}$

Mr and Mrs E. A. Bergman, Chicago

8
The white skirt 1937
La jupe blanche
Oil on canvas $51\frac{1}{4} \times 63\frac{3}{4}$

Private collection, Switzerland

9
Still life 1937
Nature morte
Oil on panel $31\frac{7}{8} \times 39\frac{3}{8}$

Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Conn.:
the Ella Gallup Sumner and Mary Catlin Sumner collection

10
Joan Miro and his daughter Dolores 1937-38
Oil on canvas $51\frac{1}{4} \times 35$

The Museum of Modern Art, New York:
Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Fund

11
Thérèse 1938
Oil on wood 55×30

Mr and Mrs Allan D. Emil, New York

12
The dream (Thérèse and her cat) 1938
Le rêve (Thérèse et son chat)
Oil on canvas $59\frac{1}{4} \times 51\frac{1}{4}$

Mr Louis McLane, California

13
The Bernese hat 1938-39
Le chapeau bernois
Oil on canvas $36\frac{1}{8} \times 28\frac{5}{8}$

Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Conn.:
the Ella Gallup Sumner and Mary Catlin Sumner collection

14
Larchant 1939
Oil on canvas $51\frac{1}{4} \times 63\frac{3}{4}$

SAI—Società Assicuratice Industriale, Turin

15
Girl in green and red (the candlestick) 1939
Jeune fille en vert et rouge (le chandelier)
Oil on canvas $36 \times 35\frac{1}{2}$

Private collection, New York

16
The cherry trees 1941
Oil on board 36¼ × 28¾

Private collection, New York

17
A bite to eat 1940
Le goûter
Oil on panel 28¾ × 36¼

Private collection, Paris

18
The drawing room 1942
Le salon
Oil on canvas 45 × 57½

Mr and Mrs John Hay Whitney, New York

19
The drawing room 1941-43
Le salon
Oil on canvas 44½ × 57¾

The Minneapolis Institute of Arts

20
Patience 1943
Oil on canvas 63⅜ × 64½

The Art Institute of Chicago: the Joseph Winterbotham collection

21
Sleeping girl 1943
Oil on board 31⅝ × 38¾

Tate Gallery, London

22
Gotheron landscape, Switzerland 1943
Paysage Gotheron, Suisse
Oil on canvas 45¼ × 39⅜

Private collection, Paris

23
The golden days 1944-46
Les beaux jours
Oil on canvas 58¼ × 78¾

Joseph H. Hirshhorn Foundation

24
The game of cards 1944-45
La partie de cartes
Oil on canvas 35 × 34¼

M and Mme M. Rheims, Paris

25
Woman lying down 1947
Femme couchée
Oil on canvas 20 × 25¼

Krugier Gallery, Geneva

26
The room 1947-48
La chambre
Oil on canvas 74¾ × 63

Joseph H. Hirshhorn Foundation

27
Girl getting dressed 1948
Jeune fille à sa toilette
Oil on canvas 21¼ × 17⅝

Krugier Gallery, Geneva

28
Georgette dressing 1948-49
La toilette de Georgette
Oil on canvas 38 × 36¼

Mrs James L. McLane, California

29
The game of cards 1948-50
La partie de cartes
Oil 55 × 76

Private collection, England

30
The Méditerranée's cat 1949
Le chat de la Méditerranée
Oil on canvas 50 × 73

Restaurant La Méditerranée, Paris

31
Self-portrait 1949-50
Autoportrait de Balthus
Oil on canvas 46 × 32

M Pierre Berès, Paris

32
Girl dressing 1950
Jeune fille à sa toilette
Oil $28\frac{3}{4} \times 23\frac{1}{2}$

Private collection, Paris

33
Naked girl with raised arms 1951
Nu de jeune fille aux bras levés
Oil on canvas $59 \times 32\frac{1}{4}$

Private collection, Paris

34
The room 1949-52
La chambre
Oil on canvas 106×130

Private collection, Switzerland

35
Landscape (Chassy) 1953
Paysage
Oil on wood $9\frac{1}{4} \times 10\frac{5}{8}$

M Pierre Berès, Paris

36
Study for 'The three sisters' 1954
Etude pour 'Les trois soeurs'
Oil $38\frac{1}{2} \times 31\frac{1}{4}$

Mr and Mrs Kurt Berger, New York

37
Colette in profile 1954
Oil on canvas $36\frac{1}{2} \times 29$

M and Mme M. Rheims, Paris

38
Nude with cat *c.* 1954
Oil on canvas $25\frac{5}{8} \times 31\frac{3}{4}$

National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne

39
Girl in white 1955
Jeune fille à la chemise blanche
Oil on canvas 46×35

Private collection, Paris

40
Getting up 1955
Le lever
Oil on canvas $63\frac{3}{4} \times 51\frac{1}{4}$

Private collection, Paris

41
Big landscape with trees 1955
Grand paysage aux arbres
Oil on canvas $45 \times 63\frac{3}{4}$

Henriette Gomès Gallery, Paris

42
The dream I 1955-56
Le rêve I
Oil on canvas $51\frac{1}{4} \times 64\frac{1}{4}$

Private collection, Paris

43
The three sisters 1956
Les trois soeurs
Oil on canvas $23\frac{5}{8} \times 47\frac{1}{4}$

M Alain Lalonde, Paris

44
The fortune-teller 1956
La tireuse de cartes
Oil on canvas $82 \times 86\frac{1}{2}$

Private collection, New York

45
Girl reading 1957
Jeune fille lisant
Oil on canvas $63\frac{3}{4} \times 51\frac{1}{4}$

Henriette Gomès Gallery, Paris

46
The valley of the Yonne 1957
La vallée de l'Yonne
Oil on canvas $22\frac{3}{4} \times 36\frac{1}{4}$

Private collection, Paris

47
Golden afternoon 1957
Oil on canvas 78×78

Henriette Gomès Gallery, Paris

48
Still life with lamp 1958
Nature morte à la lampe
Oil on canvas $63\frac{3}{4} \times 51\frac{1}{4}$

Henriette Gomès Gallery, Paris

49
Portrait of La Baronne Alain de Rothschild 1958
Oil on canvas $74\frac{3}{4} \times 59\frac{3}{4}$

Le Baron and La Baronne Alain de Rothschild, Paris

50
The moth 1959
Le phalène
Oil on canvas 63¾ × 51¼

Private collection, Paris

51
Big landscape with cow 1959-60
Grand paysage avec vache
Oil on canvas 64 × 51

Private collection, New York

52
Boy with pigeon 1959-60
L'enfant au pigeon
Oil on canvas 64 × 51

Private collection, New York

53
The cup of coffee 1959-60
La tasse de café
Oil on canvas 64 × 51

Mr Sheldon H. Solow, New York

54
Big landscape (Chassy) 1960
Grand paysage
Oil 51¼ × 63¾

Private collection, Paris

55
The bather 1960
Le baigneur
Oil on canvas 63¾ × 45

Henriette Gomès Gallery, Paris

56
Study for a composition 1963-66
Etude pour une composition
Oil on canvas 59 × 67

Henriette Gomès Gallery, Paris

57
The Turkish room 1963-66
La chambre turque
Oil on canvas 70¾ × 82¾

Centre National d'Art Contemporain, Paris

58
The three sisters 1964-65
Les trois soeurs
Oil on canvas 50 × 67

Private collection, Paris

59
The three sisters 1965-66
Les trois soeurs
Oil on canvas 51½ × 69

Mr Tony Curtis, Los Angeles

60
The card players (unfinished)
Les joueurs de cartes
Oil on canvas 75 × 86½

Collection of the artist

Drawings and watercolours

61
Study for 'the street' 1929
Pen and ink 6⅞ × 8⅝

The Museum of Modern Art, New York: gift of James Thrall Soby

See no. **3**

62

Illustrations for Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*, all dating from 1933

1
"... the room is haunted! I'm afraid of being alone!"
Brush, pen and ink 11⅞ × 11¼

The Museum of Modern Art, New York:
John S. Newberry collection

2
"I saw they were full of stupid admiration ..."
Ink 20⅛ × 16⅛

Mrs Marcel Duchamp, New York

3
"Nelly, do you never dream queer dreams?"
Ink 20⅛ × 16⅛

Mrs Marcel Duchamp, New York

4
"No, no Isabella, you shan't run off . . ."
Ink $20\frac{1}{8} \times 16\frac{1}{8}$

Mrs Marcel Duchamp, New York

5
". . . by a natural impulse he arrested his descent . . ."
Ink $20\frac{1}{8} \times 16\frac{1}{4}$

Mrs Marcel Duchamp, New York

6
"We ran to the top of the heights . . ."
Ink $20\frac{1}{8} \times 16\frac{1}{8}$

Mrs Marcel Duchamp, New York

7
"The devil had seized her ankle . . ."
Ink $20\frac{1}{8} \times 16\frac{1}{4}$

Mrs Marcel Duchamp, New York

8
"It was one of their chief amusements to run away to the moors . . ."
Ink $20\frac{1}{8} \times 16\frac{1}{8}$

Mrs Marcel Duchamp, New York

9
" 'There, you've done with coming here!'
cried Catherine."
Ink $20\frac{1}{8} \times 16\frac{1}{4}$

Mrs Marcel Duchamp, New York

10
"You needn't have touched me . . ."
Ink $20\frac{1}{8} \times 16\frac{1}{8}$

Mrs Marcel Duchamp, New York

11
"Catherine's arms had fallen relaxed and her head hung down."
Ink $20\frac{1}{8} \times 16\frac{1}{8}$

Mrs Marcel Duchamp, New York

12
"Cathy and I escaped from the wash-house to have a ramble at liberty."
Ink $20\frac{1}{8} \times 16\frac{1}{4}$

Mrs Marcel Duchamp, New York

13
". . . because Cathy taught him what she learnt . . ."
Ink $20\frac{1}{8} \times 16\frac{1}{8}$

Mrs Marcel Duchamp, New York

14
"Why have you got that silk frock on, then?"
Ink $20\frac{1}{8} \times 16\frac{1}{8}$

Mrs Marcel Duchamp, New York

15
"Pull his hair when you go by . . ."
Ink $19\frac{3}{4} \times 16\frac{1}{2}$

Mrs Marcel Duchamp, New York

A further group of drawings for *Wuthering Heights* is in the collection of the Vicomtesse de Noailles, Paris.

63
Cathy dressing 1933
La toilette de Cathie
Pen and ink $8\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{7}{8}$

The Museum of Modern Art, New York: gift of Mr and Mrs Eugene Victor Thaw
See no. **5**

64
Design for Artaud's production of "The Cenci" 1935
Ink $12 \times 15\frac{1}{2}$

Mr Barry Miller, London

65
Head of a young girl 1936
Pencil $13\frac{1}{8} \times 10\frac{3}{8}$

The Art Institute of Chicago
See no. **7**

66
Seated woman in armchair 1937
Pencil $9\frac{5}{8} \times 14\frac{1}{8}$

Private collection, New York

67
Portrait of Tamara Leibowitz 1950
Pencil $8\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{3}{4}$

Mr and Mrs Kurt Berger, New York

68
Girl reclining 1950
Charcoal $12\frac{1}{2} \times 17\frac{1}{4}$

Private collection, France

69
Girl asleep 1951
Charcoal $12\frac{1}{4} \times 12\frac{1}{4}$

Private collection, France

70
Fruit (for Frédérique) 1954
Watercolour $13\frac{3}{4} \times 20$

Private collection, France

71
Study for 'Nude with cat' *c.* 1954
Pen, ink and pencil $11\frac{7}{8} \times 17\frac{3}{4}$

The Museum of Modern Art, New York: gift of John S. Newberry

See no. **38**

72
Frédérique 1954
Pencil $7\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$

M Pierre Berès, Paris

73
Sleeping girl (possibly a study for 'The Room') 1954
Conté crayon $12\frac{5}{8} \times 12$

The Art Institute of Chicago

74
Sleeping girl (study for 'The Dream') *c.* 1955
Pencil, crayon and watercolour $17\frac{1}{8} \times 21\frac{1}{2}$

The Art Institute of Chicago

See no. **42**

75
Standing nude 1956
Pencil $17\frac{1}{8} \times 21\frac{1}{2}$

Krugier Gallery, Geneva

76
Girl at a window (Chassy) 1957
Watercolour $16\frac{1}{2} \times 19$

Private collection, France

77
Study for a still life 1958
Charcoal $13\frac{1}{4} \times 10$

Private collection, France

78
Standing nude 1959
Charcoal $13\frac{3}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$

Private collection, France

79
Flowers 1961
Watercolour $16\frac{1}{2} \times 19$

Private collection, France

80
Fruit
Watercolour $13\frac{3}{4} \times 20$

Private collection, France

81
Fruit 1963
Watercolour 12×12

Private collection, France

82
Flowers 1964
Watercolour 12×12

Private collection, France

83
Girl looking in a mirror 1964
Pencil and wash $15 \times 21\frac{1}{2}$

Brook Street Gallery, London
Preliminary sketch for a large painting still in progress.

84
Untitled 1965
Watercolour $16\frac{1}{8} \times 18\frac{7}{8}$

Henriette Gomès Gallery, Paris

85
Portrait of Alice R. 1962
Pencil on paper $10\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{8}$

Mr and Mrs John Rewald, New York

86
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Pen and ink $8\frac{3}{4} \times 11\frac{7}{8}$

Mr and Mrs John Rewald, New York

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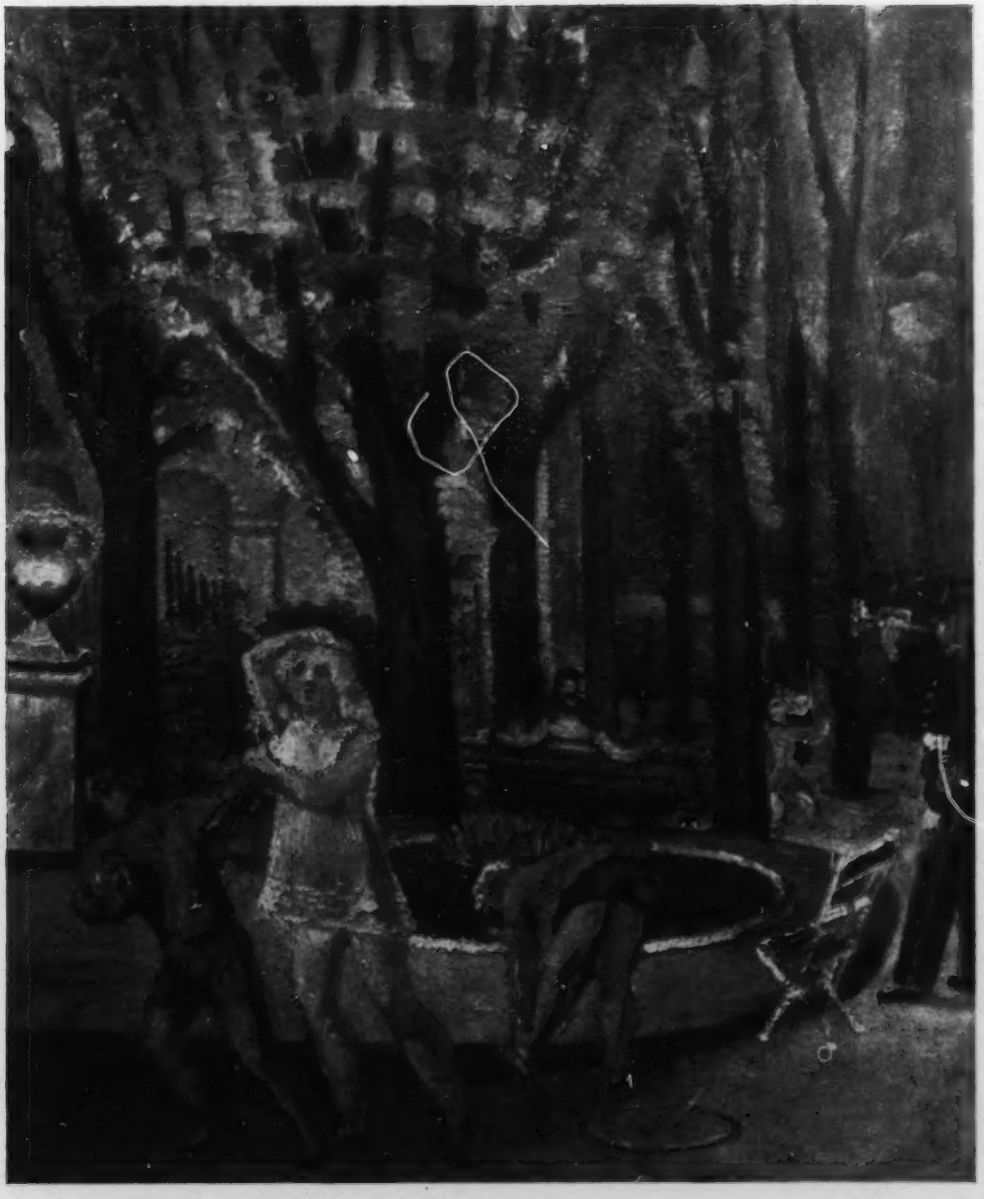

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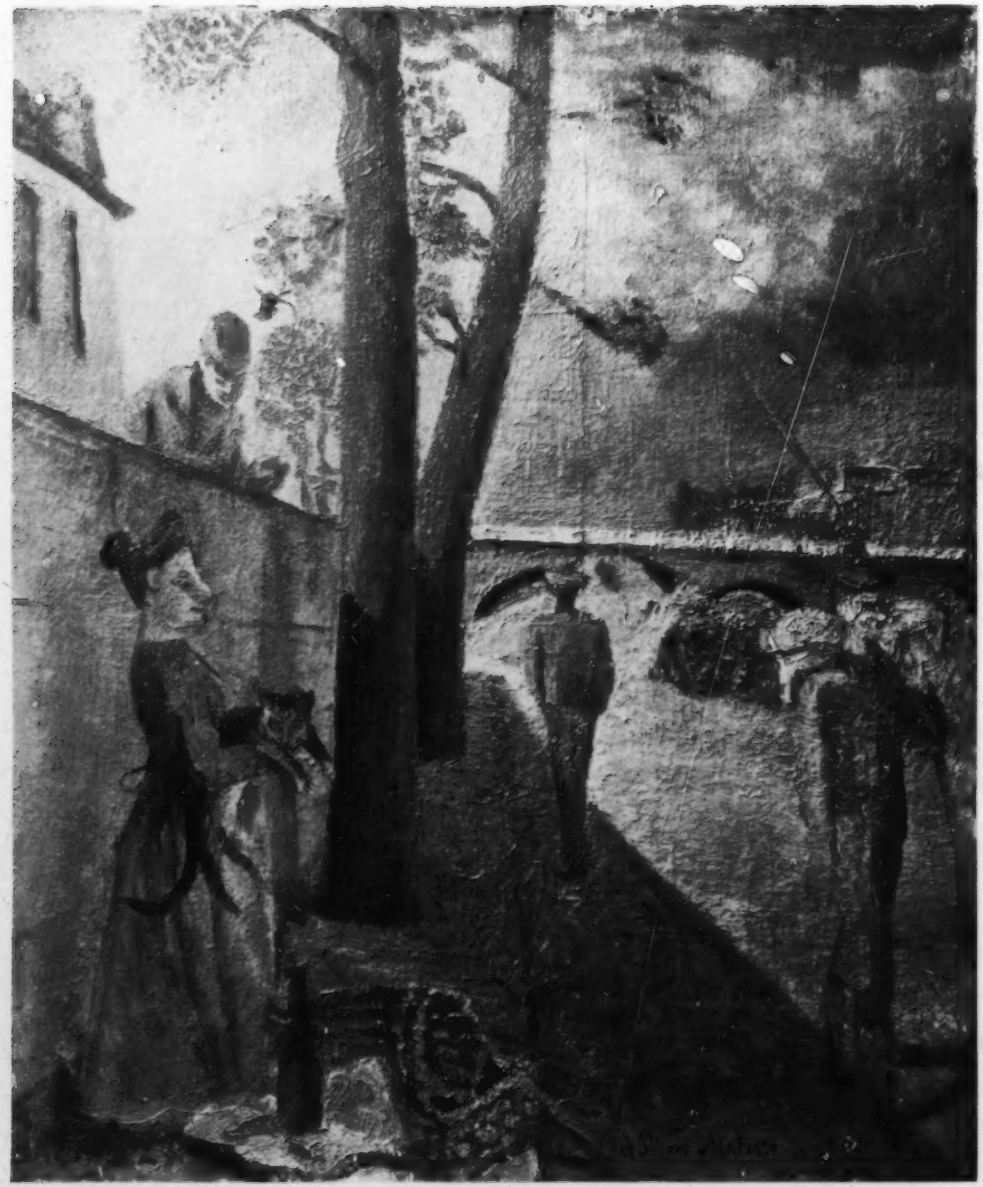

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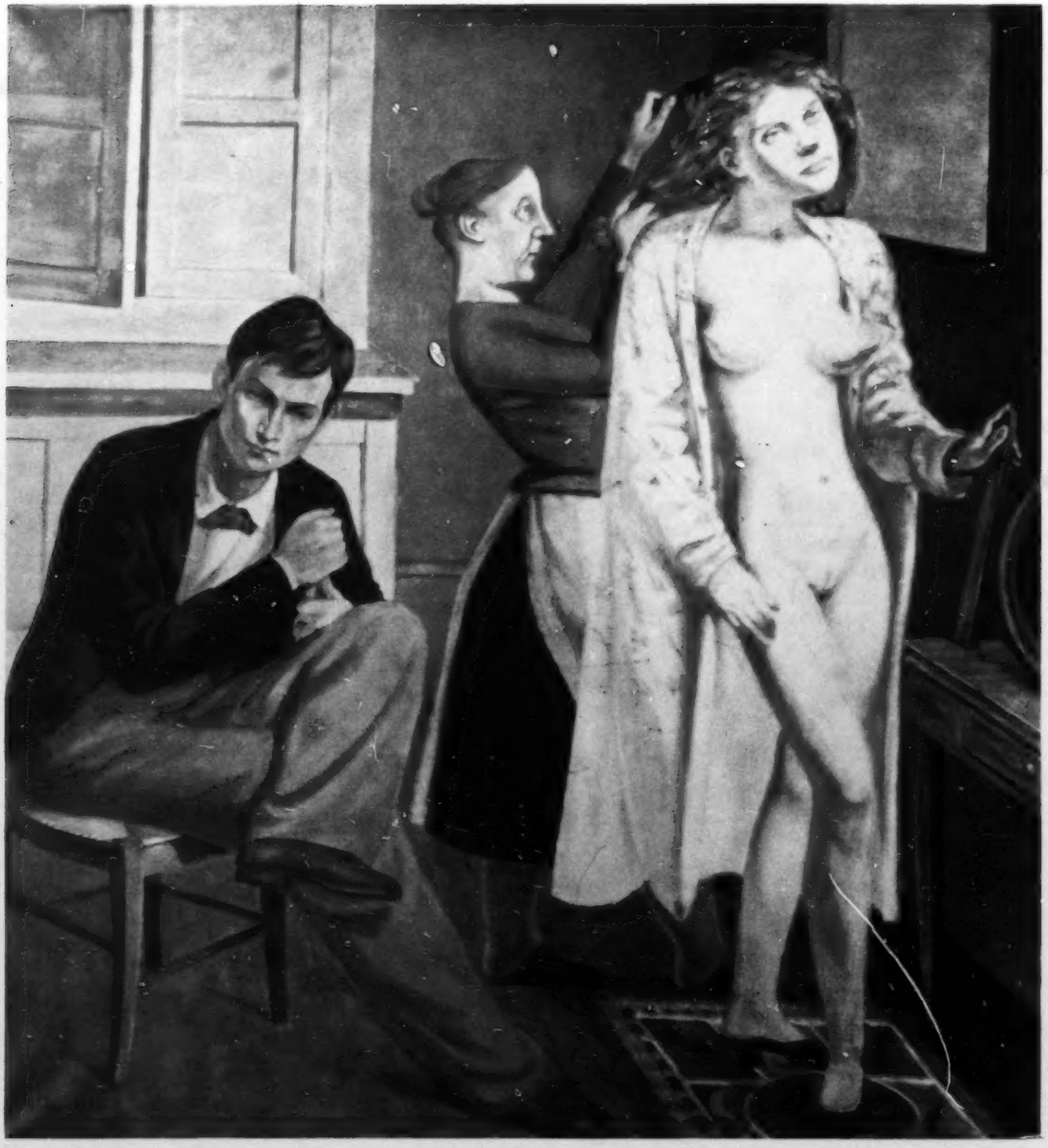

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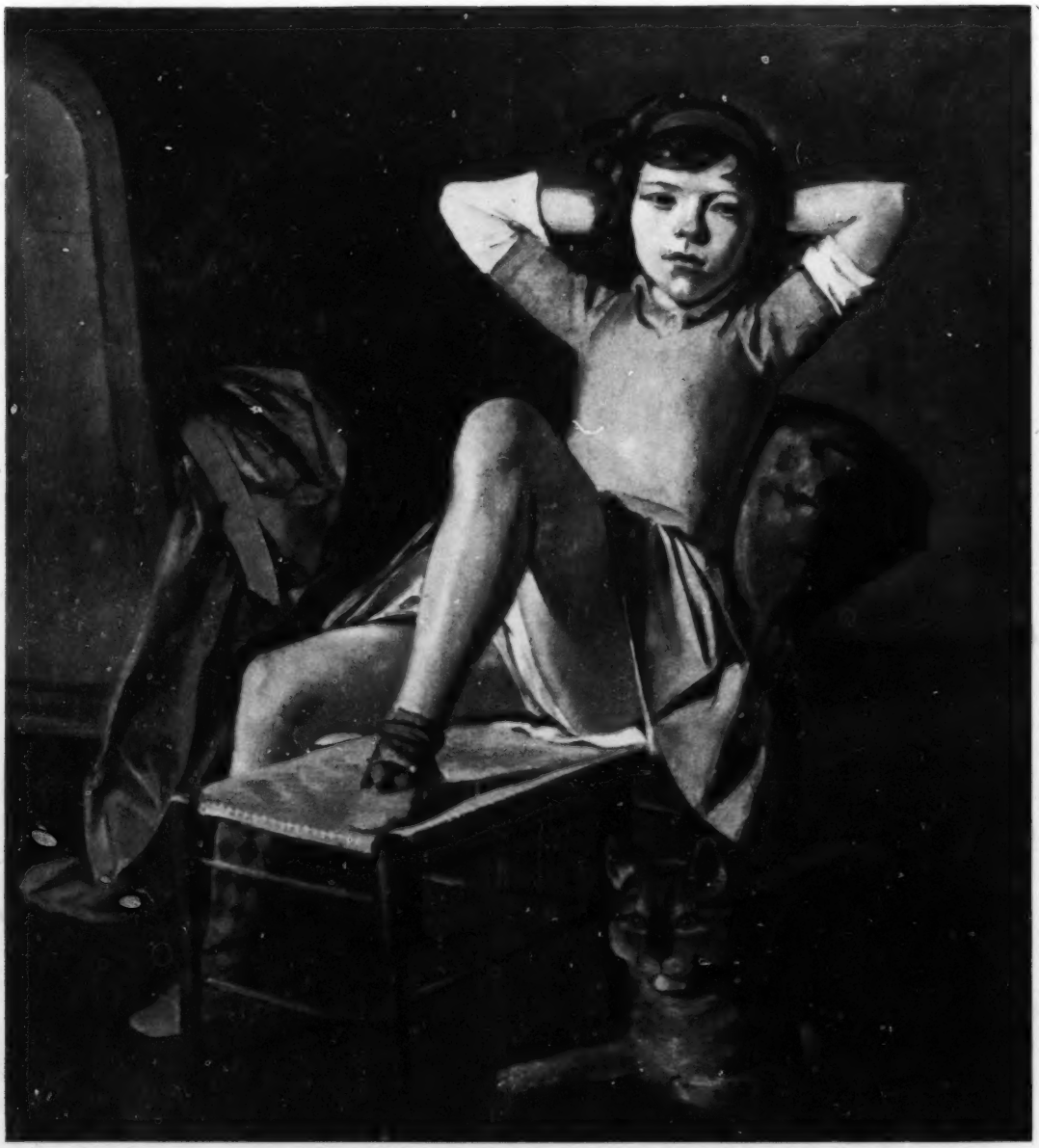

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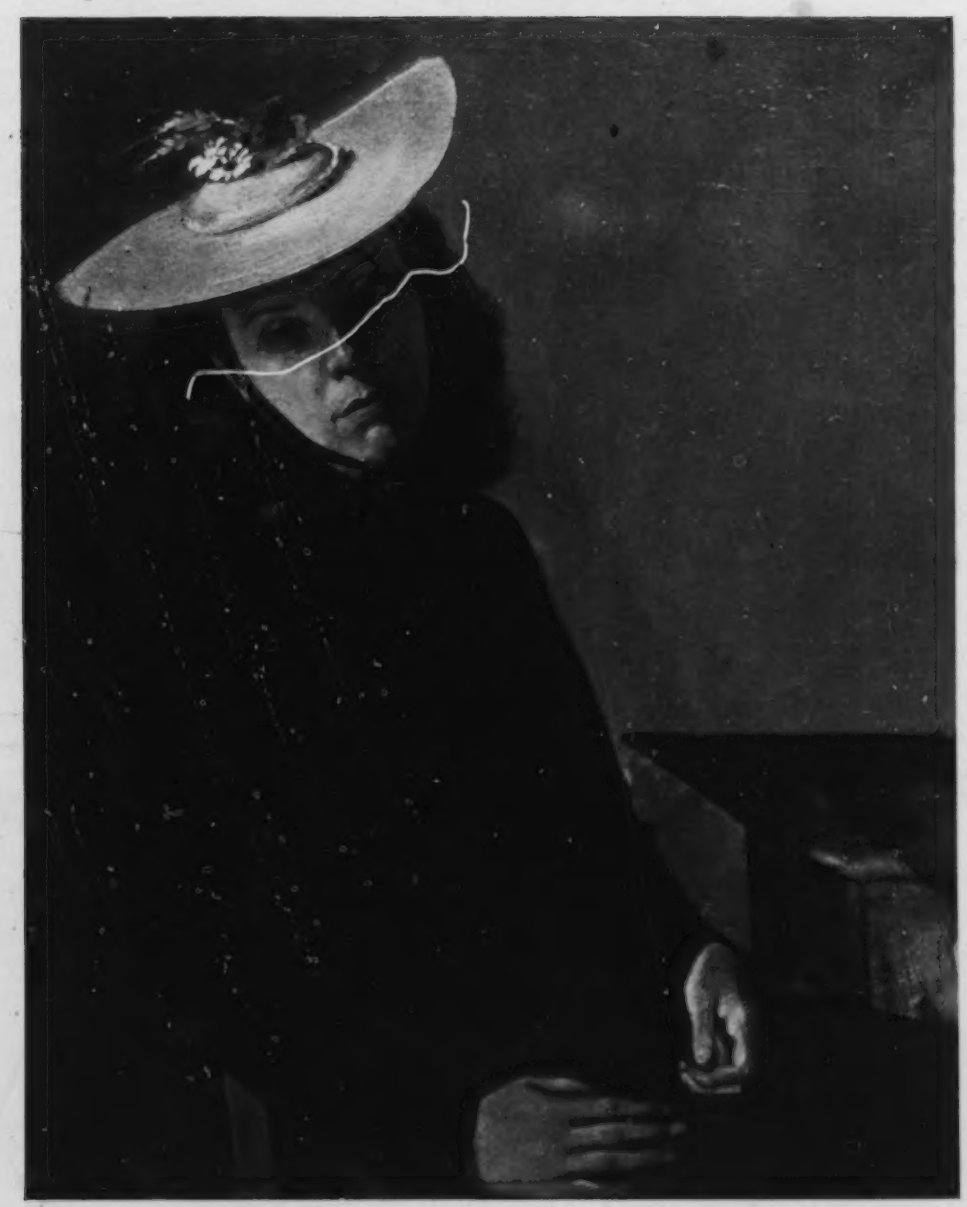

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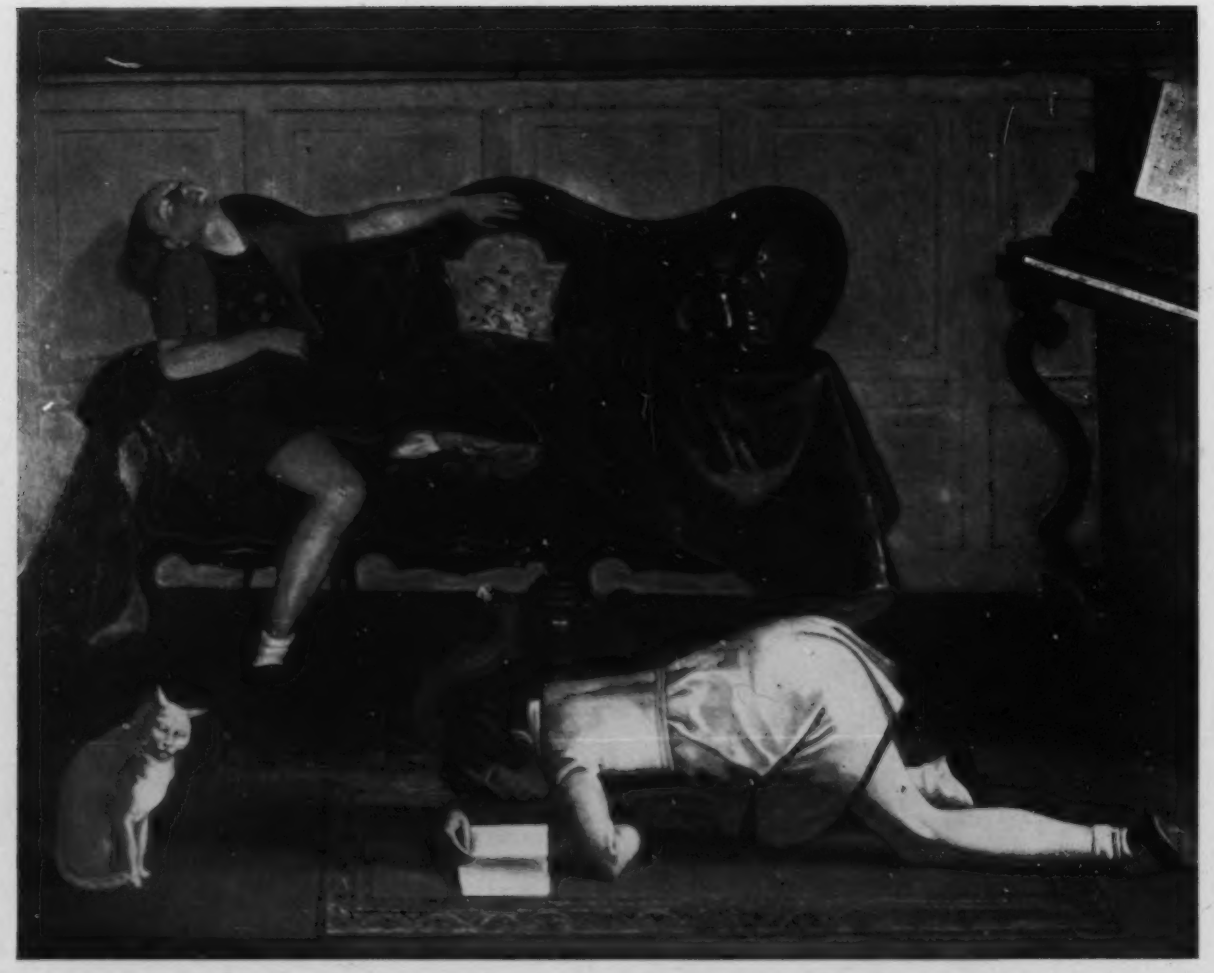

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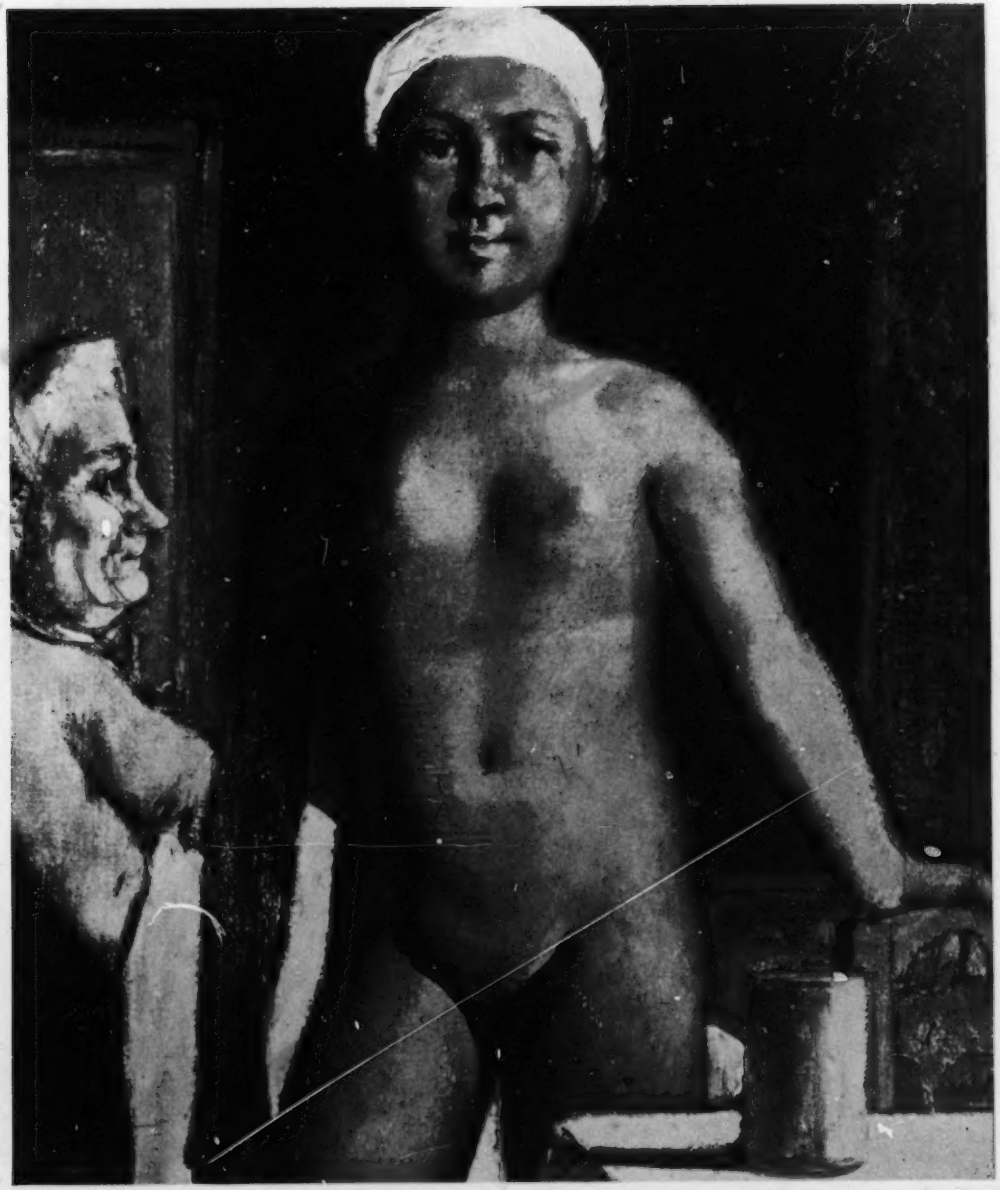

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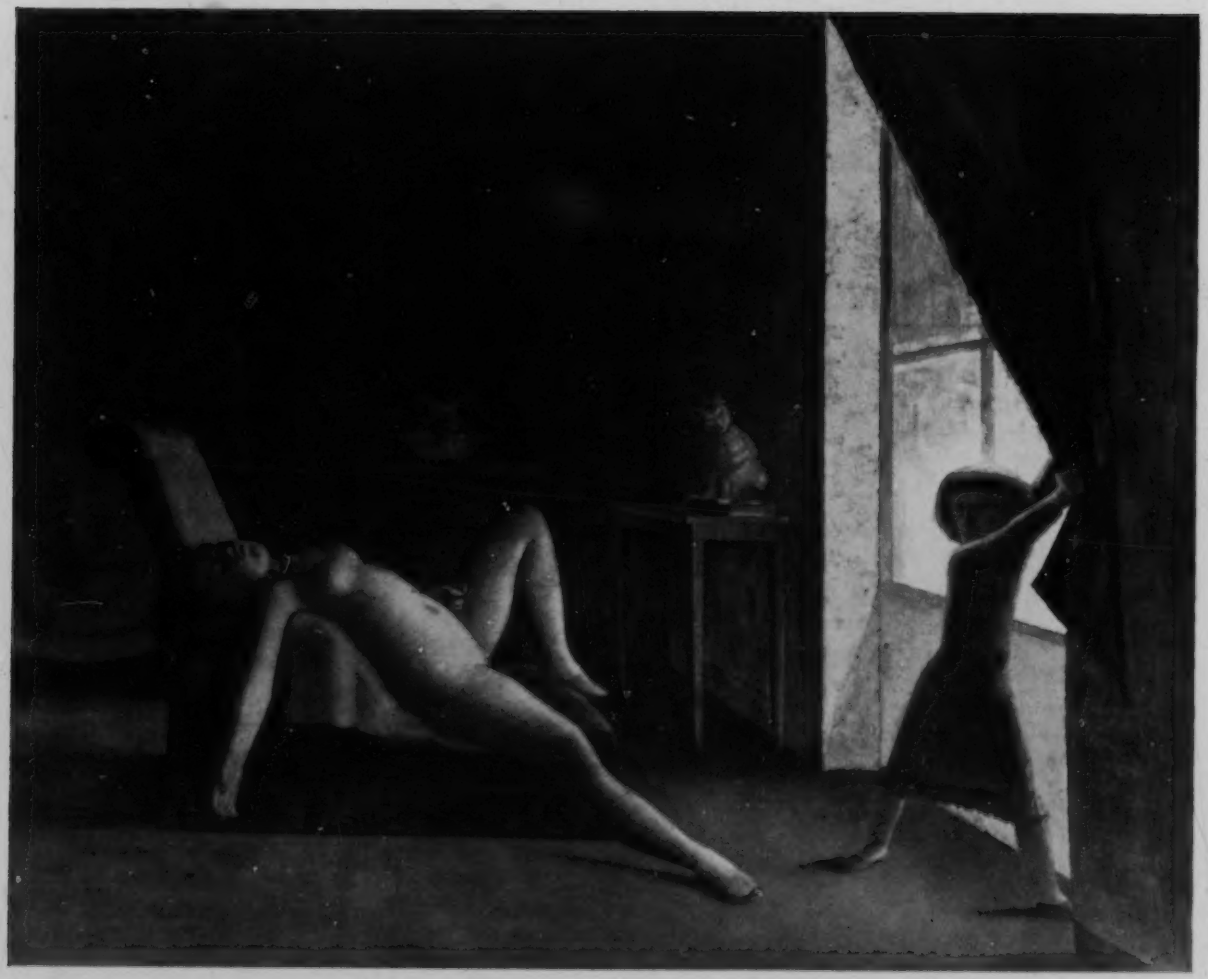

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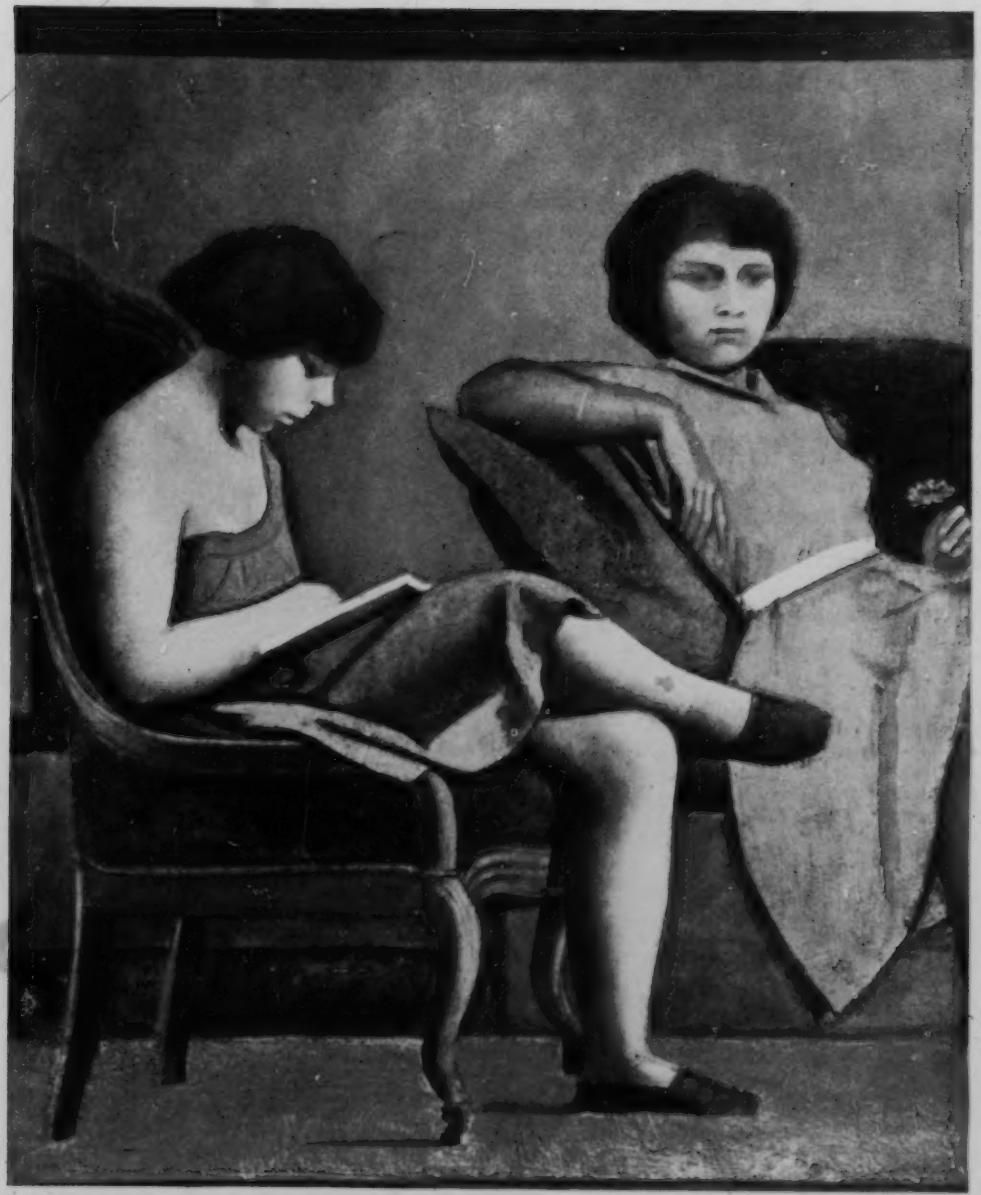

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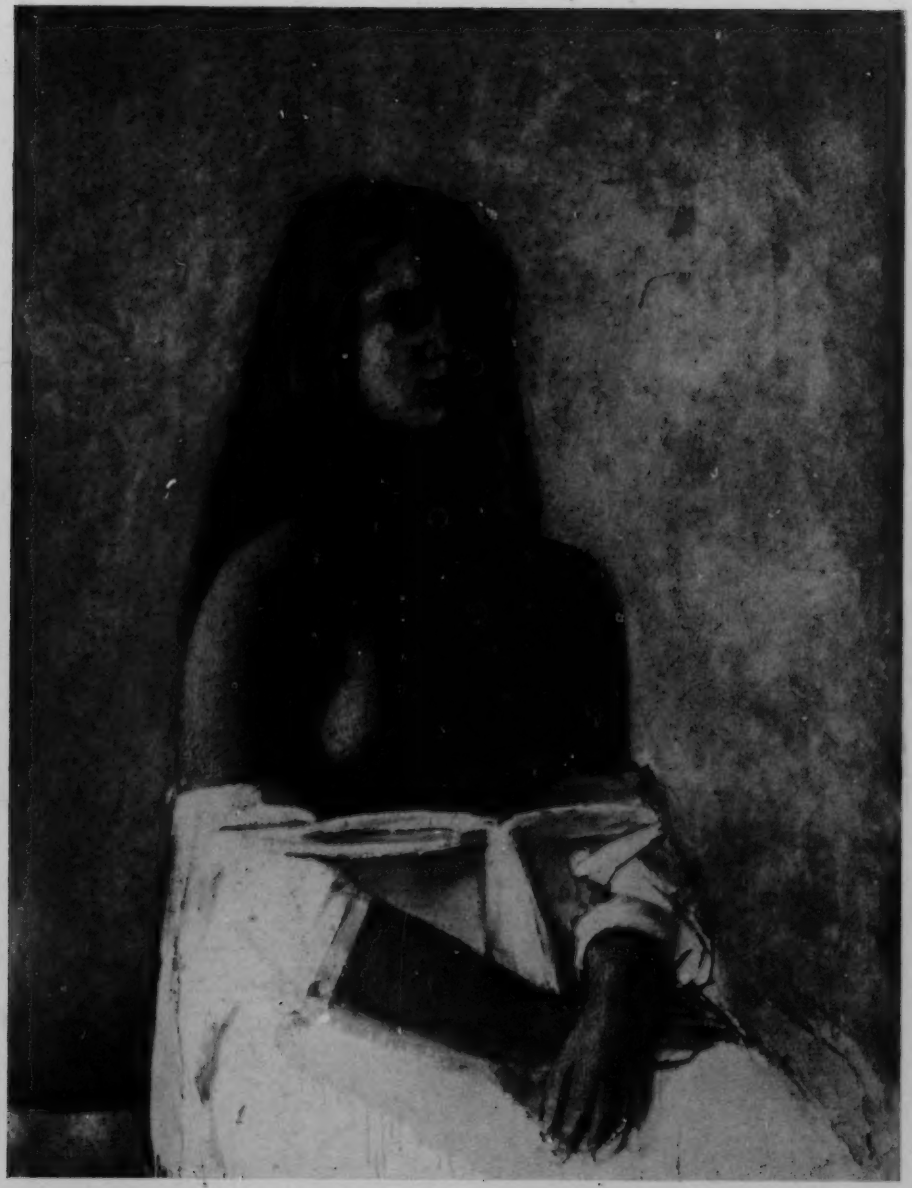

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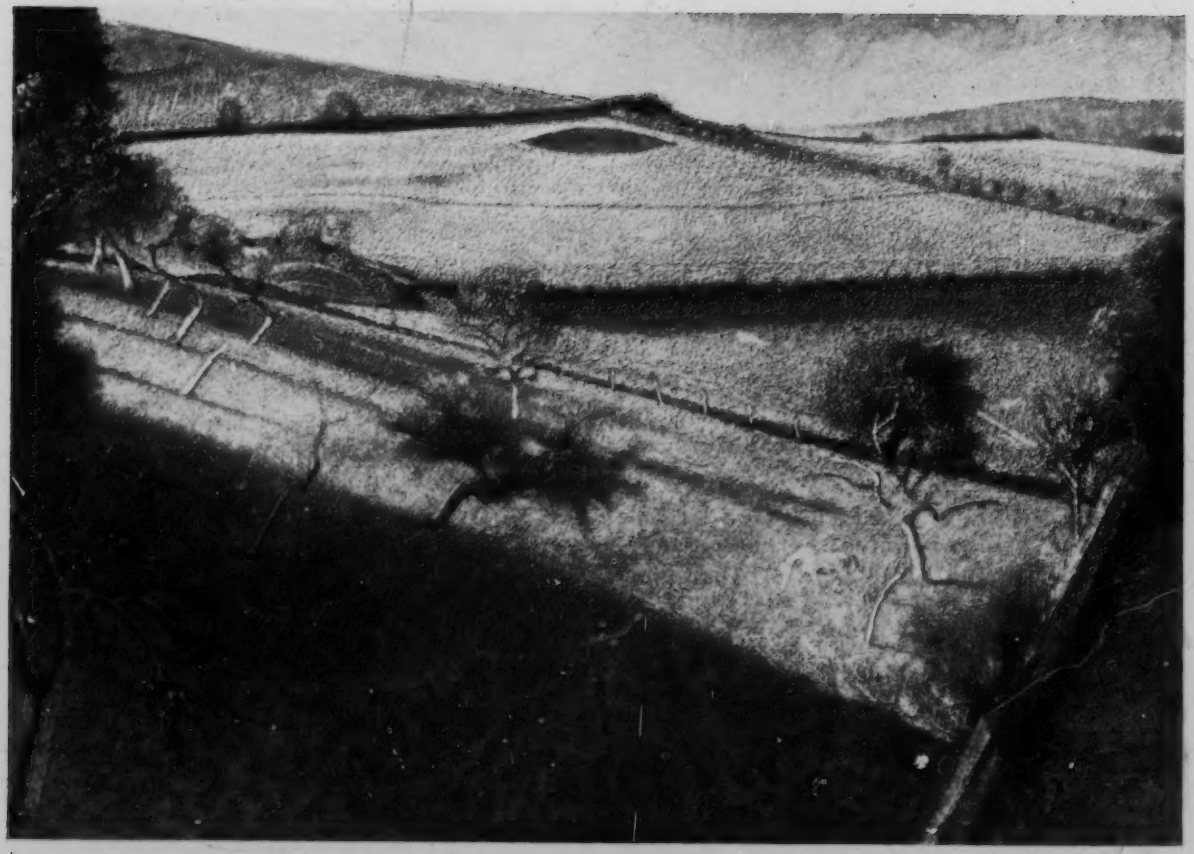

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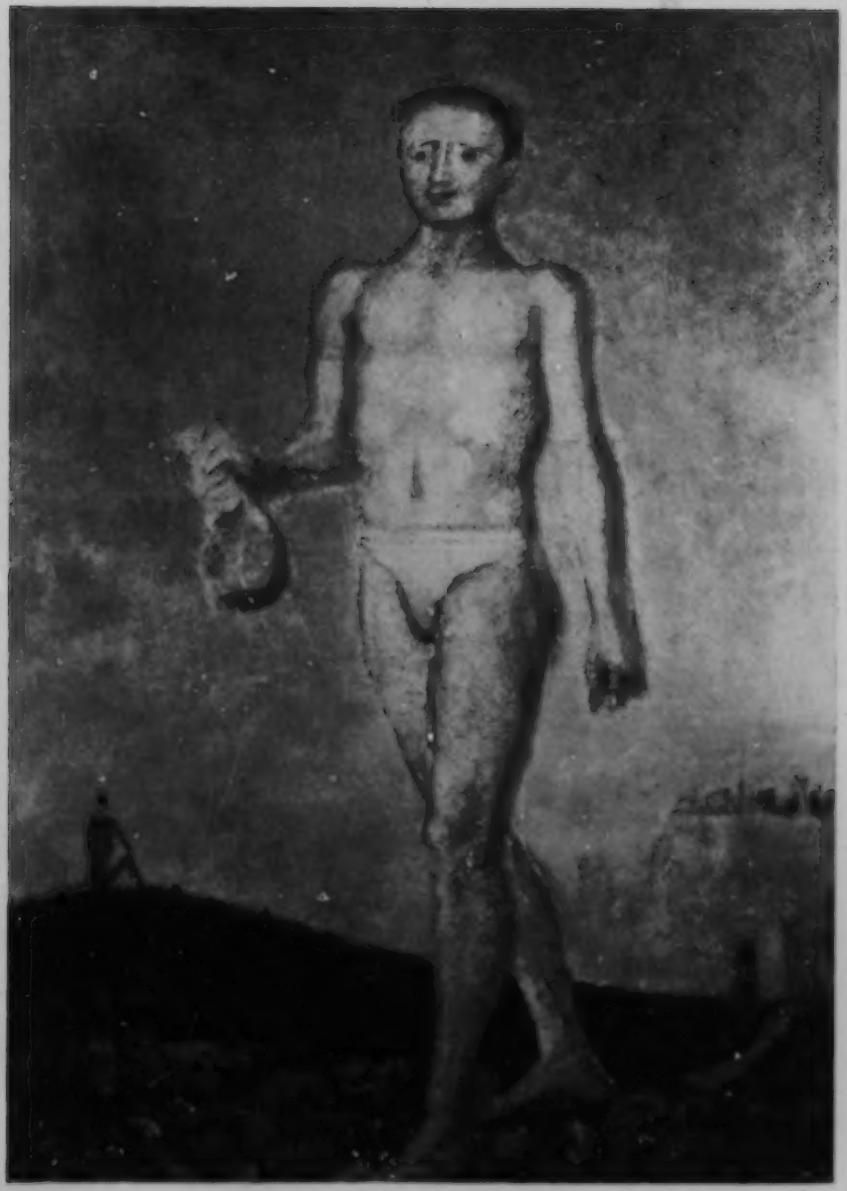

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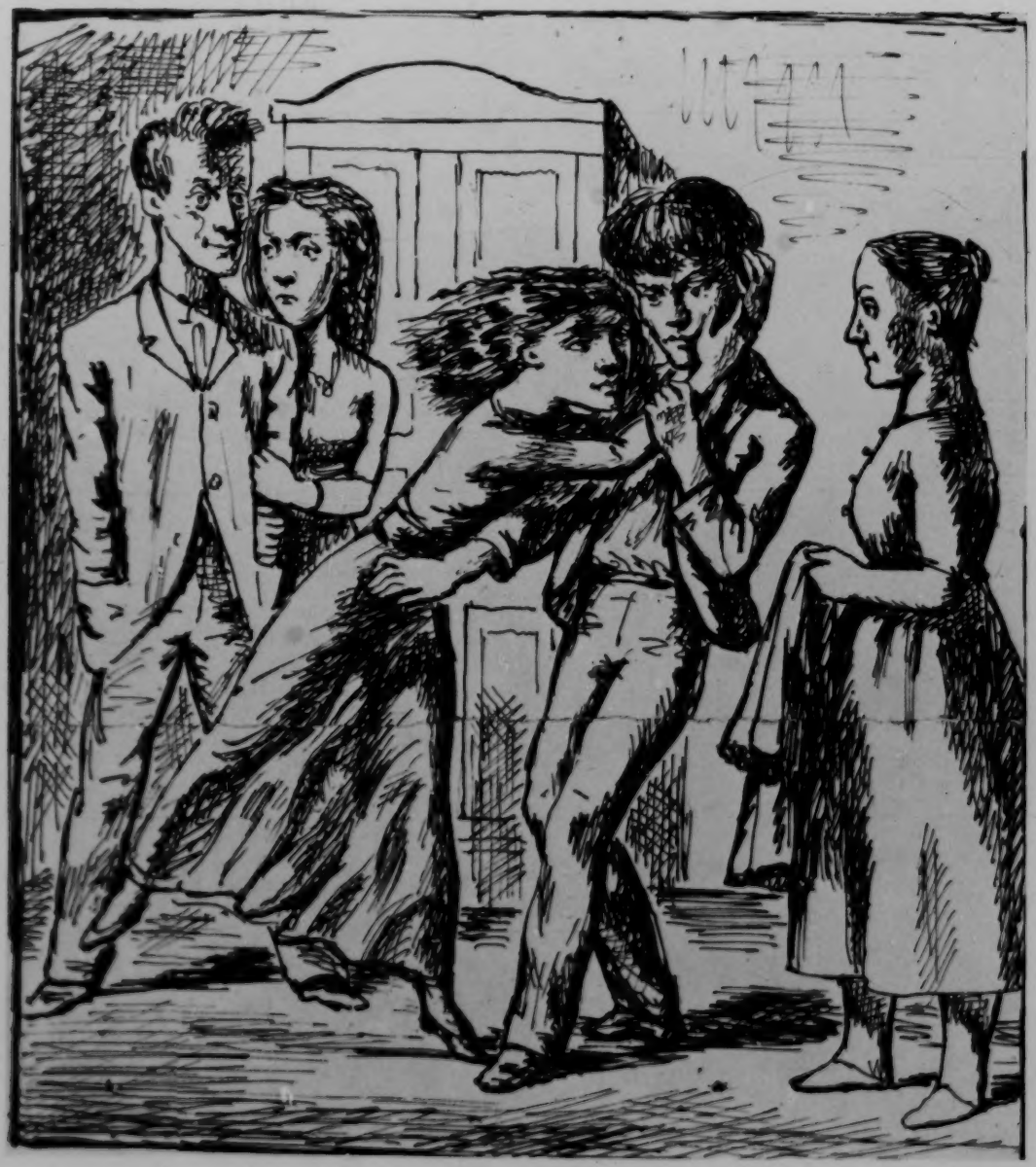

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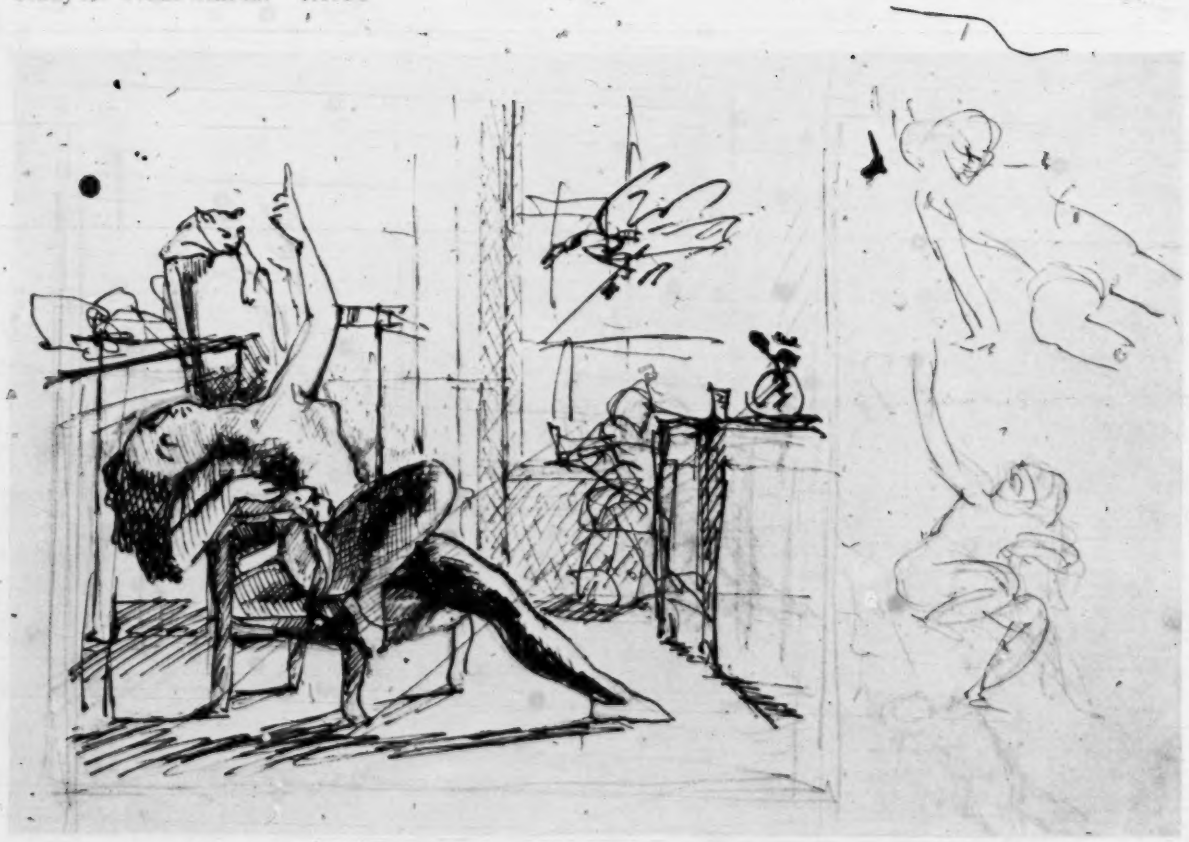

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